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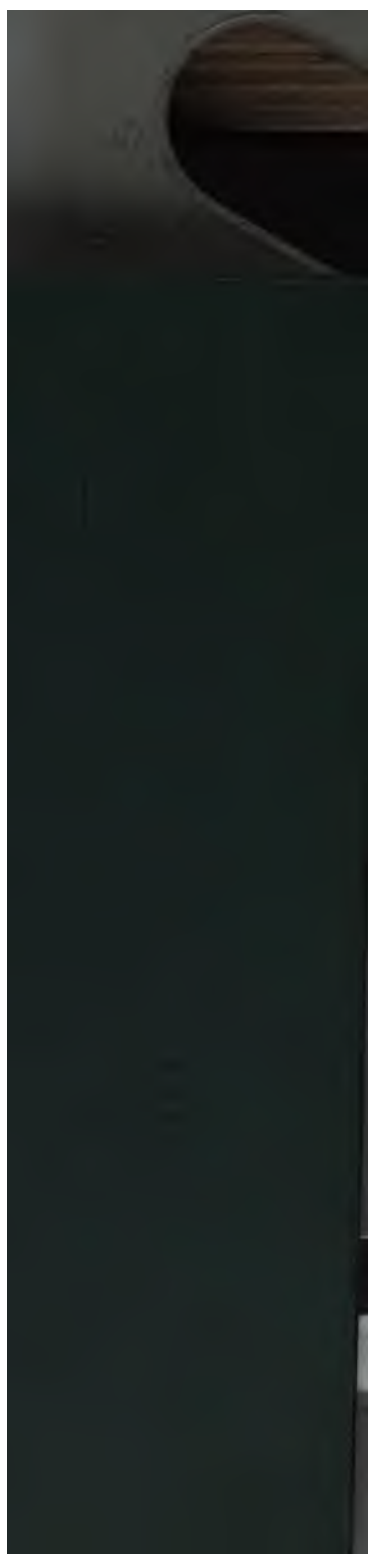
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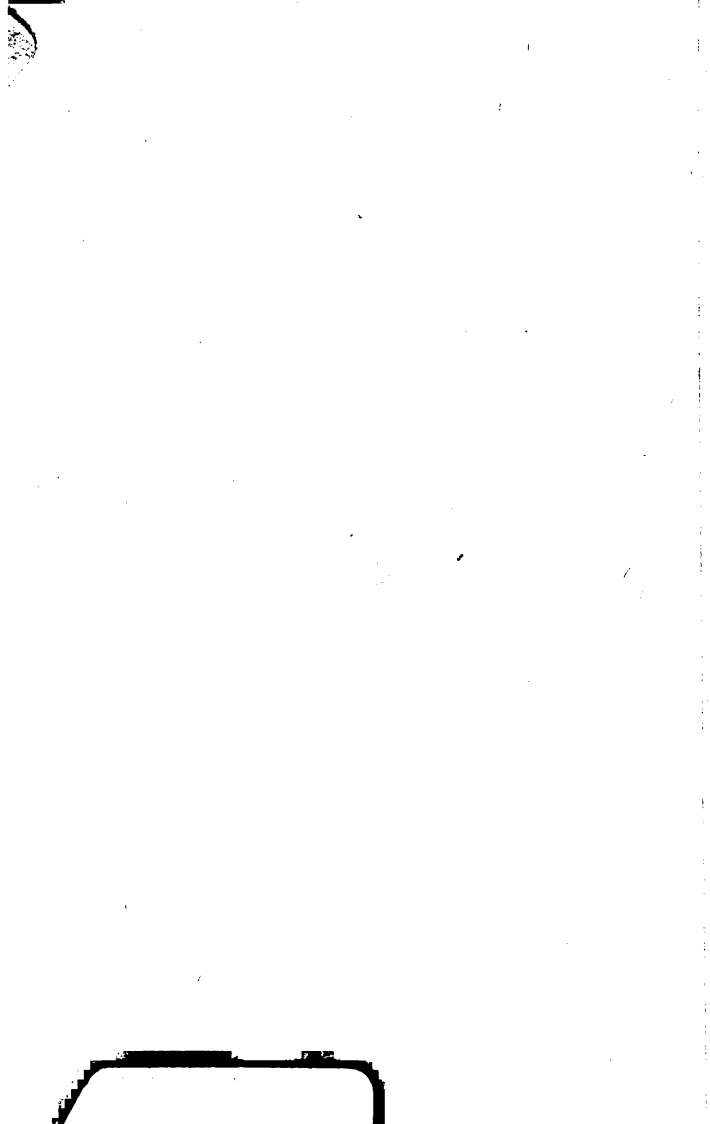
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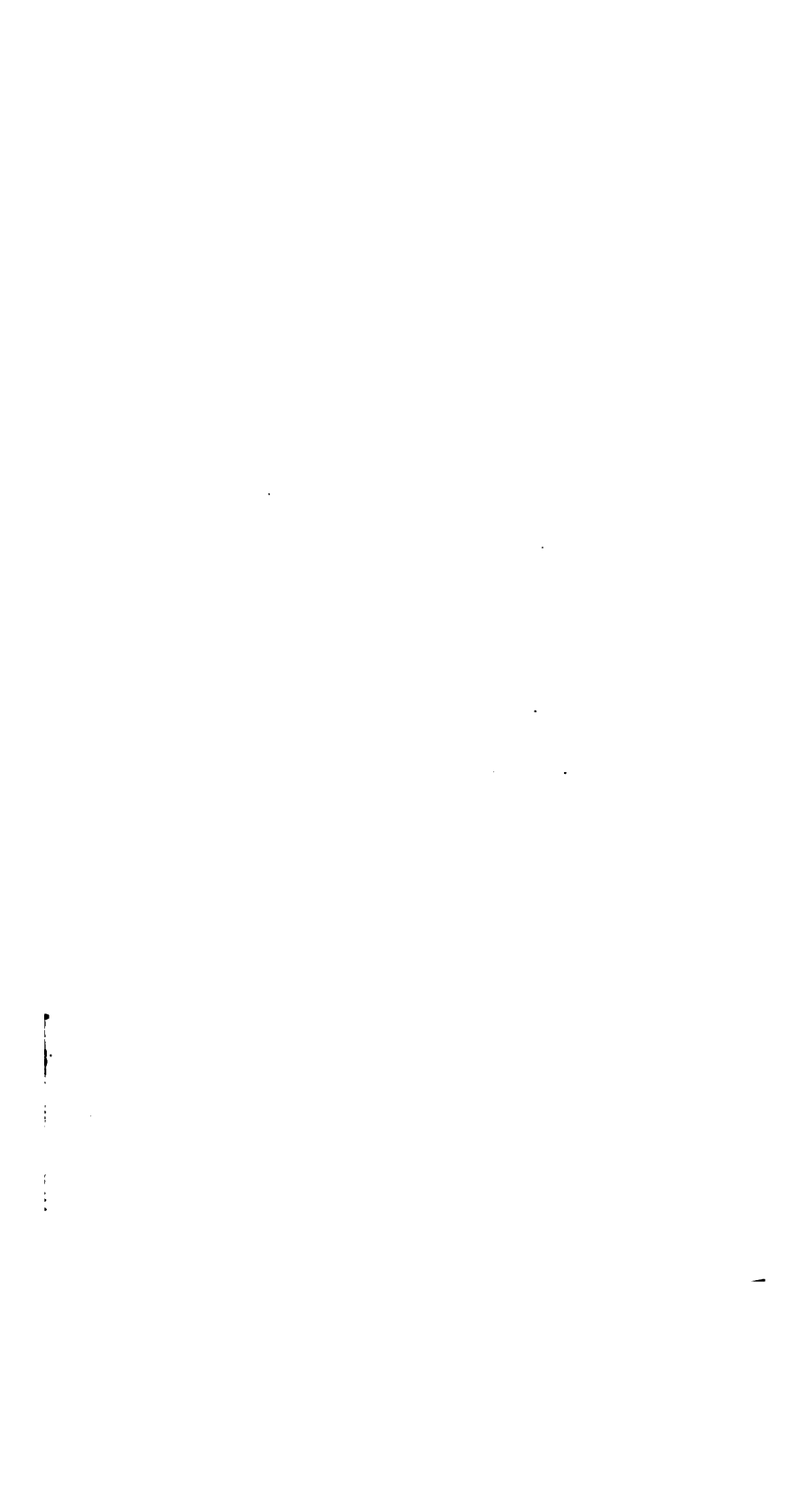
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PART THIRD.

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A

MANUAL FOR YOUNG LADIES,

WITH HINTS ON

LOVE, COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, AND THE
TRUE OBJECTS OF LIFE.

SUPPLEMENTARY TO

KENT'S NEW COMMENTARY;

A MANUAL FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY C. H. KENT.

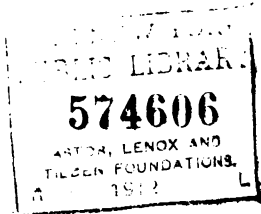
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PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

The attempt of an unprofessional writer to compile a book with the expectation that it will meet with favor and be a success, is an experiment that few care to make; and especially so, if he has read of the fate of thousands who have written only to have their work dead in a week on the hands of their publishers. Writers, too, who were no novices in literary labor, have had such experience; even so distinguished a writer as Lord Beaconsfield, for his "Endymion" was a failure, and a heavy loss to the publishers.

The old saying, that "they who know nothing, fear nothing," no doubt applies to those thirsting for fame in authorship, venturing where "angels fear to tread," &c. However, we remember reading of men who have made a success and a fortune in ventures in which no man of experience would have risked a dime. An eccentric character, styling himself Lord Timothy Dexter, once lived in Newburyport, Mass. He displayed his peculiar genius in various ways. His geographical knowledge was somewhat at fault, but had it been better, he would not have made a fortune as he did, by shipping an entire cargo of the old-fashioned brass warming-pans to the West Indies. The natives used the pans for molasses ladles, and the covers for strainers. This man also wrote a book which was a success by way of originality. He adopted a novel and original method, which no author or publisher before or since has dared to imitate. The title was striking—"A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," and a most remarkable feature about the book was, that everybody could read it, but not one could tell the subject it treated upon. He desisted marring his book with punctuation marks, and threw them all in on the last page, leaving readers to punctuate to suit themselves. There were the "dots;" "season to your taste." It was too much of a "pickle."

We also felt we were inspired to write a book, and so the "*NEW COMMENTARY*" was compiled. We trembled, however, one day, at

the sight of a big pile of books right from the book-makers' hands, and wondered who would want a copy. We almost wished with Job, when he exclaimed, "O, that mine adversary had written a book," and not us, and then we should be relieved of the task of looking at them and dreading the ordeal that they must pass through before the fate of the venture would be decided. At last we made up our mind that it was just as well to settle the question at once, as to whether the "NEW COMMENTARY" was worthy of notice or not. We selected our man as the one who was to be the judge of what merit it contained, if any. With no little reluctance we dropped a copy into the post office to his address, to go on its mission, not knowing what might be its fate. Had the gentleman himself appeared at our office, we doubt whether we should have had the courage to have presented a copy to him then and there. We knew him to be not only an eminent scholar, but a most severe critic. In due time a letter came bearing the post-mark which we knew was the proof that our "NEW COMMENTARY" had reached its destination. We never broke open a letter with greater reluctance than we did this one. In fact, we looked at the envelope some time before we could muster up courage to open it. We fairly dreaded to face the revelation we knew it must contain. But aware that suspense is always more terrible to endure than the worst reality, we overcame our weakness and opened the letter. We "stood up" to read the verdict, being too nervous to sit down. We read it through once, and then again. We could not believe our eyes or our senses. In fact, it was too much for us. We were overcome—dumbfounded. Our eyes seemed to be failing us, blinded by undue and unusual moisture—they *sweat*!—we couldn't help it. How could we, when we read "*hitting the nail on the head*," "your way of clinching every nail by pertinent and striking examples, so largely new to readers, is most commendable. Jacob Abbott began that line of writing for the young, and he has had no lineal successor, unless you prove to be the man. I hope you may."

We couldn't comprehend the situation; we couldn't believe that we had become a full-fledged author without preparation or experience, and unskilled in scholastic lore. But, here was an endorsement of the work by a well-known college president; a man who *abhors shams and slipshod work of every kind*; neither is he given

to jokes, or praising what to him does not merit praise. We were simply astonished beyond measure. A check of a thousand dollars from a stranger couldn't have surprised us more. Still we wanted to try other disinterested judges, men of rank in their profession. We sent copies to various places, even to the "Hub," the Athens of America, intellectual Boston, to men whose judgment and reputation in the literary world was par excellent. The same general tenor characterized every response. It did not seem to be affected in the least by the "climate." It stood it well; August and December changed not the verdict. All pronounced the "NEW COMMENTARY" as exceedingly valuable, and most opportune. It has met with unprecedented favor wherever it has gone.

One oversight, however, has been noticed by several eminent ladies, who have been kind enough to indicate the omission, and which we now propose and are happy to supply. We find we were some like Mr. Smith, who lived in Boston—probably he don't live there now. It was August, hot and suffocating. He proposed to try the country air for a month. In due time he alighted from the stage coach in front of a country farm-house, up in New Hampshire, the home of an old acquaintance, where he was most welcome. His traps, trunks, valise, (no bandbox), hunting and fishing tackle and umbrella were not overlooked, and were landed upon the veranda, and his friend's wife met him at the door and gave him a most cordial welcome, and then asked him, "Where is Mrs. Smith?" Mr. Smith threw up his hands in blank astonishment as he exclaimed, "I declare if I have not come off and left Mrs. Smith at home. I felt all the way up that I had forgotten something." And so it was we forgot the young ladies in the original edition. We are very glad that our lady friends have noticed our extreme partiality to the young men, and have asked, "When shall there a Kent arise to inform the young ladies that parlor idlers are only better than street idlers," &c.

It was all wrong. Young ladies occupy a most exalted position in our country—greater than the young men. Their influence is to shape the destiny of the coming generation. If they shall step to the front and fill the high and exalted positions they were born to fill, it is of the utmost importance that they shall rightly comprehend their responsibilities, that they may prepare themselves for

their high mission. If, however, they shall fail or neglect to fit themselves for these responsibilities, their own future happiness will be placed in jeopardy. Idleness and indifference will bring disappointment and misery always. It is the natural fruit. The character and influence of a mother is incalculable for good or evil. The mother makes the home—her influence is the most potent.

What we have said in the following pages has been said in all earnestness, and perhaps too strongly stated for some classes of minds. It is, however, absolutely necessary to paint the picture in the strongest possible light and shade, yet none the less true to fact, that we may reach the attention of those most needing advice, and the most likely to not heed it, unless it be well emphasized. It is those who are dreaming that we wish and hope to reach, and to rouse from their lethargy, that they may realize that life to be a successful one, must be lived in sober earnestness, having a fixed purpose, a plan by which every day's march shall bring the goal one day nearer, with its treasures of wealth and enjoyment.

The picture we have painted is a dark one; how could it be otherwise? Yet we have not shaded it as dark as the real facts would make it. There may be such a thing as making it too sombre, and the timid ones thereby become discouraged and say, "What's the use of trying to live at all. The world is full of wickedness and deception; no one can be trusted. If we make a friend to-day, they will betray us to-morrow. No use of my trying to do or be anything; I shall be disappointed, no matter what I do." We can say to all such, so long as you harbor such views and allow them to influence you in your daily life, so long and so much of that life will be a failure, and you the less fitted to make it a success.

We have given the dark side of wedded life for a purpose, and that purpose is that those who may enter into the married relation may do so intelligently, and not blindfolded, as has been done more than five times out of ten. We have shown only *one side* of the picture. The reverse side needs no censure or commendation. It will speak for itself. There are thousands, millions of homes where the entire family are a unit; where harmony and concord make it sweet to dwell therein; where true happiness is ever found, and where no harsh discords grate upon the sensitive ear. It is the ideal home *we would point every young lady to look forward to earnestly, and*

PREFACE.

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to concentrate all of her energies for the accomplishment of that one grand achievement. If you should fail of reaching the highest round of your aspirations, your happiness will in no wise be lessened by the efforts you have made.

If what we have said shall be the means of influencing one of our readers to a higher plan of living, and thereby the fullest connubial happiness be granted to the most favored of earth, our efforts will not have been in vain. Trusting that what we have said shall meet the honest approbation of every one of our readers, and meet with general approval in so far as our aim and object shall appear to be based upon a desire to uphold truth and virtue, thereby elevating humanity up to a broader and nobler plane of living, our work is respectfully submitted.

THE AUTHOR.

Park Place, Davenport, 1881.

“ Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.”

PRELUDE.

WEDDING BELLS.

THE joyous wedding bells never chimed more sweetly than at the twilight hour of one of the most charming days in the loveliest month of all the year, June, 18—. It was the season when nature exerts her forces to the utmost capacity; when she displays her charms profusely, even lavishly; when the greatest activity prevails in nature's vast laboratory; when her forces are awake, and with fresh inspiration, everything teeming with life is inspired with a zeal to grow, to develop, to outdo its neighbor, in beauty and perfection. All nature was radiant with smiles, arrayed in her new dress of "living green." The deep rich foliage draped every tree, and graced each growing vine. Each flower, bud and blossom, smiled its sweetest smile; while the more modest and delicate members of the rose family *blushed* even to a *crimson*. It was the gladsome time of all the year; the grand opening exhibition of the wonderful expansive powers of nature at work; her grandest holiday season; full to the brim with exuberance of life. The sombre hues, the fading leaf, premonitions of decay and death were veiled. There was nothing to mar the face of nature, smiling in her beautiful costume, decked in garlands, fragrant with the most exquisite aroma, fresh distilled from her own secret chambers, rich perfume, richer far than is known to nature's poor imitator, the chemist, with all his skill.

"See, O see!
How every tree,
Every flower,
A new life gives to other joys."

The shades of evening were falling. The genial rays of the sun had tinged everything with beauty. As the sun passed the horizon its smiles were flashed back upon the sky, illuminated pencillings surpassing the most brilliant rainbow that ever spanned the heavens.

The evening atmosphere was in harmony with the occasion, soft and balmy. Gentle zephyrs floated along, and every leaf danced with delight, while flora waved her banner of love. The evergreens, the pines, tuned up their æolian harps and played whispering harmonies, melodies soft and sweet. Most charmingly did they perform their part. As the evening twilight's mellow rays faded away, the heavenly sentinels, the watchful guardians of the night, appeared in countless throngs from the starry realms, flashing down their radiant light. Sparkling diamonds graced the scene by their flashes of love and approbation, and such an evening, for such an occasion was incomparably the most auspicious and impressive. The surroundings harmonized with the preparations made within the home of the bride.

The grounds were tastefully decorated, and scores of Chinese lanterns depended from the tall and stately trees. The mansion was illuminated at every window. Friends by the hundreds, young and old, were there. The bride was richly attired. The bridegroom was faultless in his preparation. The officiating clergyman fully recognized the importance of his office on the occasion, and the fat fee in anticipation no doubt made him a very much interested participant.

In the presence of the multitude the young couple stood up, and the nuptial knot was tied as firmly as ever a minister knew how to tie one. Congratulations and kisses were passed around without stint. A wedding feast had been prepared, and all were invited to partake of its delicacies. The hour for the departure of the newly married couple arrived, and amid the "God bless yous", "Good byes", and farewell kisses, the young couple passed out from under the paternal roof. The old shoes of the bride were not overlooked, and they went sailing after them for good luck. A few moments ride brought them to the railway station; seated in a Pullman car, they were soon on their way to enjoy their honeymoon. The friends who remained behind, were profuse in their praises over the success that had attended the preparations and consummation of the happy event. They were free to express their convictions as to the newly married couple. They were well matched. They must have been born for each other. "If matches are made in heaven, surely *this one was.*" "Who ever saw such a lovely couple." Everybody

had some compliment to offer. The bridal gifts were many, rich and costly. The newspapers made a full and elaborate report, with all the particulars. It was pronounced the most brilliant wedding of the year. The characters of the new husband and wife were extolled beyond measure. The flattering prospect that opened before them was dilated upon in the most glowing terms. The array of rich and costly gifts, and the names of the donors were not overlooked. Never did the sun shine brighter, or were the prospects for future happiness more promising, than upon the day this young couple set sail on the matrimonial sea.

But, alas, although the honeymoon rose in magnificent splendor, and shone most brilliantly, it soon went down behind dark clouds, black as the blackest thunder cloud. It set too soon in a midnight gloom. The matrimonial voyage was short. The frail bark went down. Only a few brief months had passed before the joyous bride that was, returned to her father's house a disconsolate, broken-hearted, sorrowing wife. Matrimonial infelicities sundered the ties that had been sealed for life. They were separated never to meet again. One little innocent will never know a father's love, but must walk beneath a dark shadow through life, and for what, it knows not.

LOVE.

THE SPIRITUAL REALM OF LOVE.

God is love. He is the embodiment of love. Love is the law of heaven, the law of the universe. Love was the element which called worlds into being. The hand that created all things, whether terrestrial or celestial, was guided by infinite love. Love is the principle by which alone all things now exist in that realm where its Author dwells; where, unmeasured by the cycles that mark the footsteps of the unnumbered millions of earth, as they move on in solemn silence in the march, and in unbroken columns, six thousand centuries deep, they pass through the shadowy portals, and are forever veiled from mortal vision, in the great hereafter.

Every star that glistens in the heavens, every planet that sweeps around in its mighty orbit, speeding on 720,000 miles an hour, and never flying from its trackless pathway, is bound to its course by the everlasting cords of love to Him who bade it fly, and to every other sun and system as they roll on in the vast cycles of the ages, through unmeasured, unexplored, unknown realms, each in its circuit. In solemn cadences they chant the sublime harmonies of heaven, the "music of the spheres", to the glory of Him who bade them speed on their ceaseless course around the throne of infinite love.

Once that song was heard on earth, when the morning stars joined in that grand hallelujah anthem chorus, at the advent of the world's Redeemer. Love was all their theme, love was his mission. That song will be repeated once again when the world's redemption shall have been consummated. Then, in one vast chorus united, the choirs of heaven and earth's redeemed will swell the chorus of that last grand *te deum*, when love will be crowned triumphant, victorious over worlds. No discordant note will be heard to mar the harmony of the songs that shall be continually sung around that throne; where love will sit forever enthroned, and reign supreme over all heaven's vast domains. There its inhabitants will ever be learning *endless progression* towards the inapproachable, incomprehensible,

mysteries of love; ever unfolding to the mortals of earth, who never will, who never can fathom,

"Thou hidden love of God,
Whose height, whose depth, unfathomed
No man knows."

That love—to drink in to the fullest capacity—will be all of heaven, all its bliss. When the cords of love bind two hearts in one, ever beating in unison, heaven comes to earth. Where love reigns there is joy, and happiness is complete, full to the brim.

THE FOUNTAIN OF EARTHLY JOY.

Love is the fountain from which flows every blessing that we enjoy. Everything that adds or conduces in any way to our comfort, love must have the credit for. It is the inspiration and the power that conceived and constructs the vast enginery of mechanical skill. Every wheel that turns, every shaft that revolves, every shuttle that flies, love gave to it its impetus, its motive power, as wrought out by human ingenuity. It constructs and operates the railways, builds the ship that plows the seas. Love stands at the helm.

Not a tree is felled, not a furrow turned, not a seed sown, that love was not the incentive. Love builds the cities and fills their great warehouses with treasures of all lands. Every beautiful home with its costly furnishings, its rare gems, and the product of skill and art, are love's tokens; every monument and shaft over the sleeping dust of the loved one's passed on before. Love looks beyond the gloomy and hopes to meet again "over there."

Love is the inspiration of every enterprise; giving courage to face boldly, resolutely, insurmountable difficulties. No rock of Gibraltar stands in the way of its course. Danger it courts, and welcomes suffering; ready to endure untold privations, never shrinking from the most hazardous undertakings; facing and looking coolly into the belching cannon's mouth, with stoic indifference, and to die. The acme of love, to which no prison is impregnable, no chains can bind.

That vast collection of the world, of its products in skill, in art, the Centennial Exposition, could rightly have had stamped upon every piece of mechanism, every fabric, every representation of art

and of skill, in all that vast array, in letters of gold, "LOVE PAT-
ENTEE."

The art hall was filled with paintings of marvelous beauty; for finish and for conception, wonderfully wrought out; and the beholder, having the least conception of the beautiful in art, was charmed, entranced, at the perfection in the imitation of nature's handiwork, so true to life. In every touch of the brush, in the most delicate shading, love guided the eye in the blending of the colors, and the hand that held the brush to execute the work.

"Give me the boon of love:
Renown is but a breath,
Whose loudest echo ever floats
From out the halls of death."


—H. T. Tuckerman.

MUSIC, THE VOICE OF LOVE.

We listen to the sublime harmonies of a Handel, a Haydn, a Mozart; we are delighted with the symphonies of Beethoven, and our enraptured souls are thrilled with ecstatic joy, as the ethereal strains burst forth with the heaven-toned music, prelude to the other life.

We hear the roar of the tempest as it sweeps everything before it; the rolling thunder which makes earth tremble beneath our feet; we hear the deep toned cadences of "deep calling unto deep"; we are awed as we look down into the awful abyss of the surging waters of a Niagara, with their ceaseless and deafening roar, as they chant nature's sublimest harmonies, echoing and re-echoing heavenward everlasting songs of devotion to Him who bids them sing to the glory of infinite love. All these are but the manifestations of the love that presides over all things in nature and in art. We are told of a statue of such wonderful construction, and so delicately adjusted, that when the first rays of the rising sun fell upon it, it gave forth the most exquisite and ravishing strains of music.

Love is the fountain of every joy; music is its voice. There are harmonies unheard by the most sensitive ear of mortals, which are yet to be heard, when all the discordant elements of this world are *harmonized*—tuned to the pitch—the key-note, LOVE.



LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Where love reigns, there is joy—happiness unalloyed. It is a state that most hope for and anticipate, to realize some time, or some where. No one craves misery as something desirable to possess as a luxury. Happiness is unlike a garment, that can be put on or off at pleasure. It is like good seed that must be planted in the proper soil before it will germinate, before its fruit can be plucked and enjoyed. So we must not only have the seed of love, but the soil within ourselves, if we hope or expect to enjoy happiness. The germ must be buried down deep, and be tenderly cared for and nourished, until it shall have become thoroughly rooted and grounded, until every fiber becomes electrified with its all-pervading spirit; like a living spring, ever bubbling up, ever overflowing. A person who is entirely destitute of this living principle cannot be happy, cannot find happiness. They may search for it as long as they may live, and they never will find it. It cannot be borrowed or bought with money. It is never for sale. Men who count their wealth by the millions, cannot purchase it, and they are poor without it, poorer than the humblest cottager who works for his daily bread, and is thankful that he can earn it with his hands.

Persons destitute of all resources of happiness within themselves, are utterly unable to add to the happiness of a single individual, while they sap the enjoyment of all with whom they are associated. It always depresses and saddens the natural buoyancy of one's feelings and enjoyments, to transact business of any kind with one of this class of unfortunates. It is like a chill from an iceberg, to meet an unhappy, discontented, ill-humored, unsatisfied, unsatisfying mortal. A person of this class has no right to expect or demand from others, what they cannot return in some way, as an equivalent. Debit and credit is the universal law by which all the business of this busy world is transacted. It is equally the law of justice, of equity, of business integrity. Any business man who attempts to violate this law of equity, is judged to be dishonest. There are obligations of greater magnitude than any known to ordinary business transactions; obligations that cannot be adjudicated upon a money basis. The value of an individual acquaintance, *personal worth*, is based solely upon our ability to reciprocate favors

received. No amount of money consideration can cancel debts incurred of this class, or be its equivalent.

If we have nothing to give, we have no right to expect. With a professional beggar, it is always "give, give, give." Who wants to be placed in a position where he will be constantly importuned, where it is all demand and no return. If a young lady is the victim of an unhappy disposition, continually fretting at every little thing of dully occurrence, fretting at every one she meets, even magnifying trifling matters to mountains, vexed and ever annoyed because she cannot load down every one she meets with her griefs and tribulations, she sours on everybody and everything. A young lady of this characteristic disposition, if married to an angel from heaven, would be dissatisfied, and he would wish he was back where he came from.

Any young lady who has not resources within herself to enjoy every-day life, through storm as well as sunshine, has not the first requisite necessary to make herself happy in the married relation, or to make a husband feel that he had secured a priceless jewel as a wife. We pity the man who may be so unfortunate as to be united to a young lady who cannot throw a single ray of sunshine along the shadowy pathway of life. There are times in the life of many a business man, when all looks dark and gloomy as a starless night; when he trembles at every step, not knowing which way to turn, for fear that the next move may be the last. A single ray of light, by a word of encouragement to cheer him up, will be a talisman to stimulate his flagging energies, and give strength to his faltering footsteps, when ready to halt and about to give up in despair. Many a man has taken up the battle of life with fresh courage by the good words of cheer from a loving and sympathetic companion, and financial ruin has been averted, and the home secured from despoliation when in peril. Hundreds of men have been rescued from shipwreck of their fortunes by a wife clinging closely to the husband, and in word and deed, lovingly, confidingly, carrying a large share of a great burden, which the husband could not carry alone, and which was crushing him to death. The value of a good wife rests not in her physical powers of endurance, but in the force of her inspiring words. She is truly the "angel of the household."

COURTSHIP.

INTRODUCTORY.

We have no wish or desire to make any one unhappy, or to cause them to anticipate unhappiness, by anything we may say or do; but it is our earnest wish and purpose to give such advice in season, to those who have not already become settled in life, as will, if heeded, lead to the wisest course in the choice of a life partner, thereby securing the fullest amount of enjoyment, and all the happiness attainable in the married state.

One of the first and all-important requisites necessary to enjoy life under any circumstances, should reside within the individual himself. If you are utterly destitute of any resources of your own, by which you may promote your own enjoyment, and are compelled to seek it from others, you are exceedingly unfortunate. You may reasonably anticipate trouble—all you can bear, and more than you may think you ought to carry, and that Providence is exceedingly unkind to you. We occasionally see a child who possesses this peculiar and unfortunate characteristic. It must be continually entertained, or it is cross and out of humor. It seems to be utterly devoid of any power or disposition to enjoy life in a reasonable manner. This trait is often the fault of doting parents. If a child grows up with this unfortunate lacking, it will be most likely to suffer from it through life. Persons who are living under such a burden, are their own greatest enemy, and a continual trial to all who are associated with them. Unless they can conquer this habit, their pathway will be surely a hard one to travel. Each year will only add to the roughness of the way, and life's burdens will increase as the years roll on. Friends will grow fewer and less sympathetic. No one chooses the society or companionship of a person of this class. We all crave and need cheering words. The way is strewn with roses to only a precious few. No one goes down into a dark and dismal cellar, or up into a musty garret, for the pleasure it affords. Most people prefer light and cheerful rooms—welcome *with the sunshine and aroma of flowers.* We enjoy meeting out

friends who are of a happy and jovial disposition—full of sunshine. It makes us feel better; it adds to our happiness, to our success, and softens all life's trials. "A merry heart doth good like a medicine." Yes, it is better than all the healing skill of the most skillful physician; yea, better than all the *materia medica* of the world combined. Hundreds of lives have been rescued from the very jaws of grim death, by the radiant, sun-lit countenances of these "ministering angels." Often we hear an invalid remark, "If only such a one would come to see me, I should be better; I should get well." If some other persons called, it would shorten their days. Long faces and doleful tones are but the advancing shadows of that most unwelcome messenger—death. Some objects reflect light; others only absorb it.

"We make the light through which we see
The light, and make the dark;
To hear the lark sing, we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark."

—Alice Cary.

BEWARE OF HASTY COURTSHIPS.

No sensible young lady will marry a man on three days' or three months' acquaintance, and in no case secretly. When a young man asks a young lady to wed him, with the request that it shall not be made public, cut his acquaintance at once, for you may be sure that there is a reason for the request he makes, and that reason will not bear investigation for a moment. He is not the man you want for a life partner. If the young man is *ashamed* to let his friends know who he has married for a wife, she will most assuredly be ashamed to own him for a husband. There are other considerations which the young man may have for desiring a secret marriage, which might be very damaging to his reputation if known. No reliable young man will ask for a secret marriage. If he is a true man, he will be delighted to see the wedding well written up in the newspapers, and the highest compliment paid to the "happy pair," and to the bride especially. We don't believe in having a grand spread on such occasions, with cards sent out by the hundreds, and a great crowd, with everybody made uncomfortable. The presence of a few intimate friends would be more satisfactory, and pleasanter every way. If, however, the dower is light, and an array of pres-

ents are needed to commence housekeeping, no doubt but what handsomely engraved wedding cards would draw the "spoons," if nothing more. With no friends for witnesses, to apply at a justice's office to have the marriage ceremony performed in the presence of loafers who may be lounging about, does not impress us as being the best place or mode of procedure. It may be cheap, if economy is the consideration, for the ceremony is marked with brevity, and the fees are in proportion.

The Dutch Justice in Illinois was a model, and fills the bill according to law. And this is the way he practiced in his court, when two simple persons stood in his presence to have the nuptial knot tied. It might be styled a short form, good for thirty days, more or less. The parties are requested to join hands. The justice says to the bridegroom: "You takes this woman to be your wife?" "Yaw." To the bride: "You takes this man to be your husband?" "Yaw." "Married; fee, two dollar." The married couple sit down while the certificate of marriage is being filled out. There were no congratulations. The justice didn't kiss the bride, the husband didn't kiss his wife, and the loafers didn't feel like kissing without an example or an invitation. So the bride had no kiss. She didn't feel satisfied, and asked if that was all there was to it; she thought it was very short. The justice said, "Yaw; that and nothing more."

DEACON JONES COURTSHIP.

Second-hand courtships and marriages we have little to say about. If old experienced hands get "sold," it is because they have not learned wisdom from past experiences, and need further time. The courtship of "ye olden time" was certainly a great saving in pine-knots and tallow candles. Deacon Jones was a widower. He was a man of business, and needed a wife immediately. He had no time to fool around among the marriageable females of the parish, thus creating a general commotion with them. He settled the matter in his own mind first, whom he would pop the question to straight. Early one morning Deacon Jones mounted his old gray mare, and rode over to Widow Snow's. Without going through any dress parade with his one-horse circus, to show off his equestrianship, or his agility by dismounting, he rode square up to the front door of Widow Snow's residence. Ignoring door bells and brass knockers, in a

loud voice that could have been heard a half mile, he sung out, "hallo, hallo there!" The widow heard the call, and responded without stopping to look in the glass, to brush her hair, or the flour off the end of her nose, or to doff her long apron, which she always wore on "baking days." It was a loud call, and it demanded immediate attention. In less than ten seconds Widow Snow stood in the presence of Deacon Jones. The deacon bowed and said: "Good morning, Sister Snow." And the widow bowing, acknowledged the salutation gracefully, and in due form of speech. Deacon Jones proceeded at once to business, and said: "Sister Snow, it's the Lord's will that I marry you. What say you to that?" Sister Snow, without going off in a fit, or asking for further time to "think about it," replied at once, "The Lord's will be done." Deacon Jones exclaimed: "God bless you Sister Snow, for being so ready and willing to respond to the Lord's will."

Deacon Jones said good morning, and rode away from Widow Snow's faster than he had ever been seen riding before, and it caused great anxiety among the neighbors living on the "town road," for surely something dreadful must have happened, or Deacon Jones would not be riding at such a break-neck speed so early in the morning. John Gilpin could not have out-riden the deacon in this race. The interested neighbors who saw him coming, undertook to halt the deacon as he came up. But it was of no use. They hadn't time, he flew past at such a rapid pace. He could well have sung:

"Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind."

The deacon was on important private business of his own. He was not in a halting mood, neither would he make any explanation for the occasion of his great haste. The ride ended only when he had arrived at the office of the "town clerk." Then he was only satisfied, when that official nailed to the meeting-house door, the legal "two weeks" notice, whereby he was "published" according to law. Deacon Jones had feared there might be a rival for the hand of the widow, as she seemed to *him* to be "sprucing up" more than usual for her. This had prompted him to make quick work, and *as he felt the Lord was on his side* there was no necessity of laying

siege to the widow's heart, but he would demand that she capitulate at once. She surrendered handsomely without a moment's equivocation or delay. They were now published, and the deacon was in a very happy frame of mind. He didn't however, propose to be interviewed by the inquisitive neighbors who would be watching for his return on the "town road;" so he went by the "back road" home, and to their great disappointment. Widow Snow had watched the hasty departure of Deacon Jones, and she couldn't but feel a little "dazed" at the sudden appearance of the deacon, his interesting mission, and his hasty retreat. The unexpected turn of affairs, which, if carried out was to change her domestic relations, came upon her so suddenly that she could not comprehend the situation. In fact, she hardly knew whether the deacon was joking, or really meant what he said; still she had never known the deacon to be "cutting up pranks" with any one. Then why was he in such a "dreadful hurry?" His singular procedure was an enigma to her. As for her part she would have enjoyed a little courting, even if it had been brief. To be "engaged," and all the courting left out, was abridging a great deal of the pleasures of matrimony in anticipation. There was no discount on an agreeable courtship with a gallant man for a beau.

"How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning;
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying."

The reverie into which the widow had fallen, soon passed off, and the deacon had also passed over the hill and out of sight. Widow Snow returned to her baking, stopping just a minute before the glass to see how she did look. The mirror was a good reflector, and she saw herself just as she looked when standing in the presence of Deacon Jones. It was a little mortifying to see the flour on her nose, and the rebellious state which her hair seemed to be in. She brushed off the flour with her apron, and smoothed her hair, and went on with her work. Fully three minutes passed before the widow spoke a word; when she had placed the last loaf of bread in the oven to bake, she remarked to Betsey Jane (the hired girl) that she believed while she had her "baking things around," she *had better bake a little cake*. It would be so convenient to have a

little in the house in case anything should happen. She decided on making a fruit cake, as it would keep so much better than plain cake. Betsey Jane was to get the raisins, currants, citrons, orange peel, &c., ready, while the widow was to beat the eggs. The widow enjoyed singing; she had sung in the choir from a little girl. Fugues were special favorites with her for every day use, when engaged in her household duties. She was not confined to one tune, but sang as the spirit moved, snatches from many. "Old Ocean," "Majesty," "New Jerusalem," "Invitation," all had some special inspiration corresponding with her state of mind. "Invitation" seemed to contain the most fitting sentiment, and to chime in so admirably with her feelings, and the egg beating, when she came to the words,

"Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay.
Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where the spices grow,"

She could hardly keep her seat; she felt like bounding over the hills. She was young in spirit at least; every time she repeated the words it was with increasing animation, whipping at the eggs at a lively rate. Then it brought to mind the "spices" for the cake, which she reminded Betsey Jane not to forget, but to see that it was well "spiced." But the climax was reached when she left the "hart and roe," and struck into any other tune; and as she came to the words:

"Fly swift around ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day,"

She could hardly keep from flying, herself. She was all animation. Every repetition of the lines only excited her to sing with greater spirit. No one knows what might have happened had she continued singing that style of music. Betsey Jane, however, reminded her that the way she was making the foaming eggs "fly," she would not have any left in her dish, or for the cake very long. The widow felt a good deal vexed at herself, as she saw that she had whipped the foaming eggs all over her long apron, and had very little left for the cake. The tunes were altogether too lively, too exhilarating for her work. She calmed her highly excited state of mind by singing "Old Hundred." Its slow and majestic movement

brought her back to a more rational mood. She did not attempt to repeat any tune that needed wings to "fly around" with on that morning.

Before the cake was ready for the oven, Deacon Jones returned from town, and just rode up to the door and informed Sister Snow that "We are published." The widow expressed her surprise the way the deacon was hurrying things along; she never mentioned the cake she was making, to have ready in case anything should happen. The deacon was a very accommodating man. If she had changed her mind, he would go right back and have the notice taken down, at once. The widow said: "No. As long as it has gone so far, let it go as it is." And so it did go. The next day was Sunday, and everybody was eager to read that notice on the meeting-house door, headed, "Marriage intended. Jones and Snow." Great was the surprise and astonishment of all. Nobody "knewed" that Deacon Jones had been courting Widow Snow, or that he was partial to her. Here they were engaged. The marriageable females of the parish expressed their views in not very flattering terms. Not one had supposed the deacon would be courting, and before the "grass was green over his first wife's grave." And then Widow Snow might, and she might not, make him a good wife. The deacon had outwitted them all, and they did not feel reconciled to the situation. They thought he "had oughter let folks knowed" he was going to take a second wife. There was just as good women as Widow Snow ever was. One other thing—they didn't know that Sunday morning whether the parson gave out any text or not. Deacon Jones and Widow Snow absorbed all their thoughts. The decree, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, was unalterable. Deacon Jones and Widow Snow were married when the two weeks were up, and it was so fortunate that the cake was ready, as "something did happen;" so Betsey Jones said.


HOW A WEALTHY STOCK RAISER DID HIS COURTING.

One of the largest land owners of Illinois, a great stock-raiser and a widower, was out buying cattle. One night he stopped at the house of a respectable widow lady and remained over night. On leaving in the morning, he told the widow that he was going to

such a place, and would return on such a day. If she wanted to become his wife, to have her trunk packed, and be ready to go home with him. He was on time, and so was the widow.

A WEALTHY YOUNG LADY'S COURTSHIP.

A young lady was reported to be very wealthy, having a large fortune in her own right. Applicants for her hand were numerous. Many of them were not slow or backward in pressing their suits. To the first applicant whom she considered worth noticing, she said, that before giving him an answer, she thought it best to make a simple statement to correct any misapprehensions, that there might be no disappointments thereafter. She said that she was aware she was reported as being very wealthy, and had a large amount of money on deposit in the bank. It was true, she did have a little money in the bank, but not to exceed three hundred dollars, however. This unexpected development cooled the ardor of the aspirant wonderfully; so much so, that he never returned to press his suit. He was not in love so deeply as he had been. No less than six applicants sought her hand, and to each one she made the same reply. All but the sixth man withdrew as suddenly as the first. To them her charms had vanished like the dew before the noon-day sun, and it was well that they did so. The last man listened attentively to her set speech. When she was through, he replied, that her remarks were perfectly proper, and he was very glad she had been so free to say what she had. So far as he was concerned, it made no difference whether she had three hundred dollars or three cents in the bank. It was not a money consideration that prompted him to sue for her hand, for he considered her personal worth a greater prize—invaluable—and that he hoped to win her. He was accepted. After the nuptial vows had been consummated, she said to her husband that she deemed it proper to make an explanation; he might call it a confession, if he chose. However, she hoped he wouldn't take it unkindly, but in the spirit she wished to make it. Before they were engaged, she had said to him, as well as to others, that she had three hundred dollars in the bank, which was substantially correct. But she had also other assets, which she had not spoken of or counted in as cash in hand. There were some United States bonds, which the tax assessor did not list as moneys and



credits, which she had not mentioned. If he was not successful in his business, the income of a quarter of a million in United States bonds should be pledged towards family expenses. She hoped he would pardon her for the seeming appearance of any desire to mislead him. She hoped that as she had made a free and open confession of her financial condition, that he would forgive her for the apparent oversight, and that it would not mar their happiness, now so complete. No doubt it did make him shake a little when he thought of the narrow chance he had of losing a jewel of a wife with \$300 in the bank.

UNCONGENIALITY OF SIMILAR DISPOSITIONS.

A young man may possess the requisite character for happiness in the marriage relation provided the proper helpmeet is secured for him. He may be united to a lady who has the same qualifications, or they may be so constituted that their union would be uncongenial, and therefore exceedingly unhappy, and miserable. There is such a thing as there being too close a similarity of character and disposition, which will only produce discord. On the other hand a certain amount of dissimilarity will produce concord. If the husband and wife each craves and expects of the other constant recognition of their amiableness, always anticipating and expecting loving words, and expressions of admiration, in fact to be continually complimented, each will be sorely disappointed, and they will have a discordant home.

A happy union cannot exist where two persons are so nearly alike in all their peculiarities and dispositions. They are too much like the child who complained to her mother, that, "Bridget won't pacify me."

Again there are those who are of a slow movement, and never get in a hurry. Their moderation is proverbial. There is on the other hand a class, equally distinctive, quick in thought and action; always impatient, nervous over the least delinquency in others. Everything goes wrong if it does not move by their time. They fret and worry if other people do not move at their bidding, or keep step to their tread. Happiness cannot be expected in a union of such discordant elements, where the contrast is so marked. One is *forever singing long-metre tunes*, while the other sings in short

metre. These peculiarities are most likely to become fixed as each grows older. They are not modified by time, and the parties fail to grow into a closer harmony and sympathy with each other. Too many are like the old man and his wife, who could not agree which should be the head of the family. After battling over the subject for years, and neither willing to surrender to the other, they finally hit upon a novel method that was to settle the disputed point which should be the captain. This was the plan they tried: A rope was thrown over the house and each was to take hold of an opposite end, and at an agreed signal they were to pull, and the one that could pull the most and get the rope away from the other was to be the captain. The way they did pull was interesting to spectators. Each pulled with a will, like two puppies at a root; they yanked and twitched, and twitched and yanked; they pulled and pulled, and sweat and struggled to obtain the rope and the mastery, for neither one would let go, or had strength to pull the other over the house, rope and all. Consequently that plan failed to satisfy them. At last the husband asked his wife to let go her end of the rope, and come around to his side, and she did so. He then asked her to take hold of the rope and pull with him, which she did, and they had no trouble in pulling the rope, over the house. The husband then said to his wife: "You see how hard it was when we were pulling against each other, neither of us could get the rope; and how easy it was when we pulled together. Now, if we can agree to pull together every day, how much happier we shall get along together." The great secret of so much unhappiness in families is because the husband and wife are not willing to pull together. No business relation can be ultimately successful where the members of the firm do not pull together; like an "off ox" always pulling against his mate. If neither will submit to the other, or will not agree upon a mutual plan, whereby each will be more anxious to please than to rule, so long discord will mar the household.

Two horses may be equal in weight, beauty and style, as horses. Their value may be equal on a money basis, and yet they may not make a perfectly matched team. In fact, there might not be a single point about them that would make them match. Although their action might be equally good, yet their step and movement *entirely unlike*. Horses to match well, must "keep step," or other-

wise the team is imperfect. Many a home is miserable simply because the husband and wife do not, or will not, keep step together. Some characters are susceptible of modification. Many persons can adapt themselves to circumstances, and like well-tempered steel, or the hair-spring of a watch, they yield to the slightest pressure brought to bear upon them, yet are ever true to the right. Some are like glass, which breaks before it will yield. High-tempered persons are every ready to fly off on a tangent at the slightest pressure. These various traits of character are found everywhere. If the best results are expected in the marriage relation, all these modifying influences should be well weighed before any engagement is made. It is a very unpleasant duty to any intimate friend, and much more to a father or mother to sanction an engagement, when the parties have already pledged themselves to each other, knowing them to be unsuited by their peculiarities of character. As a rule, advice is not asked until the parties themselves have settled the question. They simply want to have their engagement ratified. If their friends cannot give the hearty approval they desire, they are grieved, and it frequently leads to an estrangement between intimate friends, and children from parents. There are reasons which some would not care to express to either party, simply because they believe it would not result in any good to either.


TWO LIVES IN ONE.

"The inner and the outer man
Through mortal life together dwell—
A dual nature in one shell—
The animal and angel fell,
In Eden where the race began."

There are two sides to all living things. Every tree, flower, or blade of grass, every variety of fruit, everything that grows from the earth, has two lives in one; the outer and the inner life. The human family is no exception to this general principle. We are not altogether what we seem to be. Our outward growth and development does not always correspond to the inner life, which is the real life we are living. Appearances are delusive, often very deceptive. We cannot tell the quality or flavor of a nut in the shell, or the fragrance of a rose by the shading of its leaves. The tailor, halter and

shoemaker make the man we see. The tailor measures all men by the same rule, and cuts his clothes by the same pattern. To him there is no difference between saint and sinner. Each wears the same cloth, cut after the same fashion. The black-hearted villain—the wolf—passes for the gentleman. The finer the wool, the more lamb-like innocence will his wolfship assume. The tailor, in draping a man with his best, to be a walking advertisement for his shop, does not change the inner life of that man, or make a corrupt character pure. The faultless apparel is simply a mask; we know nothing of the real character concealed behind it. Most textile fabrics are made with a right and a wrong side. Unfortunately the human race develops the same characteristics. All, however, do not exhibit it the same way. Some show the wrong side out, and others, *vice versa*. We see occasionally, men wearing reversible overcoats, opposite in appearance as is possible for two pieces of cloth to be made. By it the wearer can assume two characters at pleasure, and as diverse as the style of his coat. We have clothes that are the same, and either side is the right side. A young lady should be able to judge for herself of the young man who seeks for her hand, to know whether his coat is cut reversible, or whether he is playing a two-sided game, or playing “on the square.” In other words, she should know whether his outer and inner life are one and the same. The inner life stamps the character. It is one of the most important points to know, first of all, for if a man is accepted alone upon his outward appearance, ten to one he will be found out to have been wearing a reversible coat, and some day he will put it on the other side out; for it is as impossible for a two-sided man to assume a false character and carry it out, as for water to run up hill. Don't marry a man with a reversible coat. It may be an index of the man. When he has accomplished his purpose, you may find he has a reversible character, and he will put on his real character with the mask off, revealing the inner life, the real life he was living. You would have the balance of your days to weep over your folly, and be miserable to the day of your death. In bitterness of soul you would cry out:

“O cheer my clouded way, that I may see,
Through this dark, dreary, woe-begotten night,
A time of rest, a life-long jubilee.”



Besides all that, there is something beyond, which is important for every young lady to know before she commits herself to the tender mercies of any man. It is equally important that she shall know, not only a man's character, but his peculiar traits, his likes and dislikes. A man may have a spotless reputation and be a miser; be possessed of high and exalted views of life, and ever look upward to a higher plane; or find his enjoyment in the lower scale of simple existence, but a step above the brute. We know of unions where money was the consideration on both sides. The wife was an accomplished lady. The husband was selfish, ill-bred, ill-humored, and exhibited his boorishness on every occasion, to the extreme mortification of his wife, and to the disgust of everybody. For example: His wife invited a social circle to spend an evening at her residence. The loving husband was there in working suit, and he sat in the parlor, in front of the grate, with boots off and feet in a chair to the fire, and read his newspaper all the evening, and never spoke to a single person. He was a specimen of one class that no young lady of refinement would enjoy any happiness with. Some are so constituted that they cannot be social. They are cold, sordid, selfish, mean, repulsive, unfeeling, unsympathetic, cruel as the grave. A man who eats his dinners at first class hotels and leaves his family to starve, ought not to have a wife or a friend. It would be no sacrifice, however, to a man of this class of stinginess, one so supremely selfish.

We have known of men who were wealthy, who would not furnish the absolute necessities of the family. Their miserly meanness was contemptible. There are men who keep their wife and children continually on the point of starvation. They buy choice bits, and cook for themselves, and leave the refuse to the family, or to starve.

Every young lady believes that her affianced is perfect—an angel. Would that it were so. But alas, the world is filled with the wails and woes that come up from multitudes of wretched homes everywhere. There is not an intelligent and observing person living, who does not know of many a "hell on earth." This is harsh language. It grates horribly on the sensitive ear, but the facts cannot be disguised. Many a poor wife to-day is passing through a *living death*; not always in a squalid home, in a low, vile, damp,

dismal cellar, or a gloomy garret, but in a marble palace, surrounded with every convenience and comfort that taste and skill can devise, and wealth command. Yet, amid all the splendor and luxury, to the eye of the less favored a paradise, there is a skeleton in the closet to mar all. A faithless husband, and perhaps a victim of drink, a gambler, a libertine, a frequenter of the house of her "whose steps take hold on hell," full of pollution. The poor wife becomes an unwilling victim of a husband's vileness and infidelity. These things are terrible to think of, and to write about, yet they are living realities. Hundreds, thousands of wives are suffering all the horrors that it is possible to express in the strongest language. Many a wife has become insane, a raving maniac, through the cruelty of a dissolute husband. Visit any asylum in the land; the victims are there; some are in chains, others in iron cages. We could tell the history of some of these unfortunates—sad tales of woe, of suffering, of untold agonies, so terrible that reason has fled and their lives wrecked. We have in mind the case of an accomplished young lady, a mother's darling, who married a wealthy young man, a reformed libertine, with the foul stain of his transgressions upon him. The wife, after suffering for years for his transgressions, became insane, and is now in an asylum, lost to all the enjoyments of life, and hopelessly incurable. Every night the sad and heart-broken mother dreams of her unfortunate daughter, suffering for the sin of a profligate husband.

"Stay, jailor, stay, and hear my woe!
 She is not mad who kneels to thee;
 For what I'm now too well I know,
 And what I was, and what should be.
 I'll rave no more in proud despair:
 My language shall be mild, though sad;
 But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

"My tyrant husband forged the tale
 Which chains me in this dismal cell;
 My fate unknown my friends bewail,—
 O jailor, haste that fate to tell!
 O, haste my father's heart to cheer;
 His heart at once 't will grieve and glad
 To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad!"

From "The Maniac," by George Monk Lewis.

Every one of this class of unfortunates, were once happy maidens; happy in their dreams and anticipations of happiness, that would surely come to them individually. How terrible the reality with many! How very few realize the full fruition of their hopes.

THE WOLVES.

We give specimens of the thousands of instances of unhappy unions that are existing in the world; examples of men who wear reversible overcoats. A young man fell deeply in love with a very estimable young lady, with a fortune in her own right. After they were married, he proposed a wedding trip, and suggested that she convert her estate into money, and take it with her, as they might find a place where they would like to settle, and they might also see some good openings for investment. She placed the utmost confidence in her husband, converted all her fortune into cash. Then he suggested that it might be safer for him to carry the money, and she readily acquiesced. In due time they arrived at Indianapolis, Indiana, and registered at the best hotel. Her money was good to pay hotel bills, if her husband had remained to pay them, which he did not do, but ran away. The wife found all too late that she had married a man with a reversible overcoat. She was in a large hotel, a stranger, and penniless. From lack of the simple precaution to know fully of her husband's character, she had placed upon herself a life-long burden—a bitter cup of sorrow to drink from for the remainder of her life.

“Time shall make the bushes green;
Time dissolve the winter snow;
Winds be soft, and skies serene;
Linnets sing their wonted strain.
But again
Blighted love shall never blow!”

A DIABOLICAL VILLAIN.

Recently, a lady at a hotel in Buffalo, New York, was found late one morning, in her bed, nearly dead from suffocation. Her attendant gave the alarm immediately. A physician was called, and by considerable labor she was resuscitated, only to find that she had *been deserted* by her husband, and that he had taken all jewelry

and other valuables from her trunk. The diabolical villain had the night before, induced her to drink a glass of drugged beer, which brought on a stupor, and he had then left the gas jet open, hoping thereby to suffocate her with the gas before she could come out of the stupor.

A CLERGYMAN SLANDERING HIS OWN WIFE.

Only a short time since, a minister of the gospel in Minnesota was tried and found guilty, by his church, of slandering his wife without cause, and endeavoring to ruin her character. For what did this villain undertake to villify and ruin his own wife? Simply because his wife would not turn over to his management her money. A blacker-hearted villain cannot be found. A man who would stab himself, his wife, and his family, because the wife chose to keep her wealth in her own hands, is a villain of villains. His overcoat surely was made up reversible.

SHARP PRACTICE.

A man in Ohio was sixty-two years old when he married a young lady of twenty years. He had \$150,000, and she had no money at all. Before the ceremony, he insinuatingly asked her to sign a document allowing her, he said, \$500 a year for pin-money; but he did not explain that by so doing she relinquished all claims on his estate after his death. She has just discovered that fact, after being his wife ten years and at last becoming his widow.

Coolidge has well said, that "As there is much beast and some devil in man, so there is some God in man." Our impression is that the beast predominates, and the devil has the first mortgage on not a few men who are ever putting on airs, dress in broadcloth, and who are destitute of all human instincts.

MARRIAGE.

“Then before All they stand, — the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, — there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o’er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing,
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
Back from a world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject, — ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow!
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master’s spell,
And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly — pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

From “Human Life,” by Samuel Rogers.

A DUTY.

The laws of our being, as made by our Creator, are so constituted that they must be respected and obeyed. Our physical, mental, moral, social and religious natures, each demand recognition of these laws, and there are severe penalties attached to the wilful violation of any one of them. The highest good of each member of the human family depends upon obedience to these laws by each individual of that family. There is no escape from these inexorable laws, or from the penalties that are incurred through disobedience of them. But for the faithful compliance with them, there is a sure reward promised to all who keep them inviolate. The greatest good, the highest enjoyment in our existence, all that is worth living for, the highest degree of happiness attainable, are the rewards promised and guaranteed by Him who created and holds in His *hand the destiny of each one of His creatures.*

PROOF THAT IT IS A BLESSING.

The highest type of civilization, where the greatest achievements have been made in every department of knowledge, is only found where the laws of marriage are most faithfully observed. Those who live by them, and those who utterly disregard them, are as wide apart as the best man living is from the lowest type of humanity. Everything that is noble, everything that elevates humanity to a higher plane of living, hinges upon and is the result of their proper regard. Wherever the social relations of life rest upon the sacredness of family ties, where individual opinions are respected, where absolute freedom is guaranteed to all by the most liberal and wholesome laws, where rich and poor stand upon the same level—there is where marriage has been made a sacred obligations and a duty.


HEAVEN'S DECREE.

Any young man or woman, with no physical or mental disqualifications, who ignores marriage from choice, and makes up his or her mind never to enter wedlock, wilfully disobeys one or the wisest and best laws of their being. By so doing they not only commit a sin against themselves, against community, but set at defiance the edict of the Almighty, as pronounced in the Garden of Eden, and re-affirmed by His Son, by his presence at the marriage feast in Cana in Galilee.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS THEREFROM.

Every machine constructed, every piece of mechanism set in motion, the means by which people travel, and for the transmission of thought on the swift wings of the lightning, are but the results of conforming to the physical laws of our being. The enjoyment of our social natures, and the peace and safety of our homes, are its fruits.

There would be no such place known as "home," without the observance of these obligations. Our country is wonderfully blest in its homes. Of France it is said that they have no homes. No country in the civilized world that has so little respect for marriage vows, or where suicides are so prevalent. Deadly charcoal fumes, or the dark waters of the Seine, is the unfortunate ending of many a *marriage relation in Paris*.



In the United States, the marriage relation is more honored and respected, than in any country on the globe, and homes are the happiest. Upon the broad foundation of universal freedom, equal rights to all, rich or poor, high or low, stand the homes and marriage relation, in this country. The home of the humble cottager is as sacred as the home of he who dwells in a marble palace. It is the "home" education that gives character and stability to our country, and maintains the efficiency of all its beneficent institutions, and gives us the highest position among the nations of the world. Break up the marriage relation, and it ruins the home.

NATURAL TENDENCY TO ITS CONSUMMATION.

It is, then, most natural and proper for young people to lay their plans to consummate one of the wisest and best provisions of the Creator for the highest development of the human family. Every young lady must expect and should so educate herself, that at the proper time in life, she will become somebody's sweet-heart, somebody's darling, and eventually be invited to the altar, where the nuptial vows may be confirmed and sealed in a life partnership. Many do look anxiously forward, often seeking to peer through the mystic curtain that veils the future, and if possible to scan coming events, to learn what may be in store for them. Well may they be anxious, as they look about among their friends, and the community at large, and see how many have made shipwreck of the fondest anticipations, and of their brightest prospects, by the sad and unfortunate alliances that they have been led to make.

So long as human nature remains unchanged, so long will mistakes continue to be made. Six thousand years has not erased the original stamp of sin, and until the arrival of the millenium, we need not expect the world will be free from matrimonial infelicities. As this eventful period will probably not be ushered in during this century, the wisest course is to make the best use of the examples we meet with, and from these facts sum up the average amount of connubial happiness allotted to wedded life. No doubt we should be appalled at the small percentage of the number of perfect unions that exist, or have existed in the past.

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tion in the investment of a few hundred dollars than she does when she enters into a life partnership with a man of whose past history she has not the remotest knowledge. How few young ladies ever think of asking a young man for a certificate of his title for credit and respectability; for his past history, and whether he is heavily encumbered with unsatisfied obligations, broken promises, and possibly broken hearts, not to question his general standing as a gentleman. A young man who has to go among strangers to find his sweetheart, should be ready to show his credentials, properly verified, when asked for. Some people will buy a piece of real estate with a defective title, at a discount, on a venture; but who desires to purchase a husband with a sadly damaged character on a venture, at full price, or at any price? What virtuous young lady will, for a moment, consider such a proposition? Yet it is just what thousands do—choose a husband without the slightest knowledge of his past history. Getting a certificate of character after marriage may be desirable, but what if it is bad, what then? If he is fashionably dressed, parts his hair in the middle, keeps his mustache waxed to a feather edge, and the air highly perfumed by his prodigal display of handkerchiefs, well saturated in exquisite odors, talks nonsense incessantly, he will have any number of admirers. Sometimes there is a rivalry as to who is to be the chosen one—the victim. They express their devotion in the most glowing language.

“From the desert—I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under the window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee!
With love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!”

—From “Bedouin Love-Song,” by Bayard Taylor.

The modern saying that “a reformed rake makes the best of husbands,” never harmonized with our ideas of what constitutes a good husband. That a man with the indelible scars of his transgres-

sions stamped upon him is to be recommended by them as a "model man," for a model husband, entitled to a diploma for his fast living, and for his life of profligacy and shame, is absurd in the extreme. It is well for a man who has had all the experience of the prodigal son, to repent and reform; but who would want a sister or daughter to marry such a man? These are responsibilities that no prudent person would wish to assume. How far down in the chain of human experience, the sins of one man may go, no one knows or can predict. What manifold sorrows may come to the innocent, for the sins of a once profligate husband. We seriously question the right of such a person to marry. Better to live single and die happy than to marry a man with a dark cloud resting upon his past life; with the badge of a ruined manhood upon him.

THE BLISS OF HAPPY MARRIAGES.

The married relation alone makes it possible to anticipate the bliss of heaven. Marriage was ordained to be the most sacred obligation, binding upon the whole human family. The mission of man on earth could only be accomplished by the faithful obedience to the laws of his being. The greatest blessings, the only blessings of earth, are alone guaranteed to the family relation. It was not made obligatory upon the human race as a grievous burden, something to be dreaded, or to be repulsive to our very natures. Far from it. The Creator wisely planted within the human breast, a living principle, an element, and that element an inspiration by which all the pure seek to comply with this law of nature, and to enter the married state, affording the greatest and the purest enjoyments of life.

"How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the wing'd wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!"

—*Barry Cornwall.*

Marriage has ever been looked forward to as being the most important event of a lifetime, and is celebrated with greater display,

and with more joyousness than any other social event in life. It is the stepping stone to a higher and more enjoyable plane of existence, and it is so recognized throughout the world, by all civilized people. One of the first miracles of our Saviour was performed at a wedding. He not only graced the occasion by his presence, but by the exhibition of his divine power to increase the joyousness of the nuptial feast, by making what was lacking, and what their friends could not furnish, the wine, which he supplied in abundance, and of the best quality.

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

Once more will he be present, not as a guest, but as a bridegroom at the "Marriage of the Lamb." By his divine sanction on earth, and by inviting all his friends to be present at his father's house to witness his marriage, his chosen bride, the church triumphant—he has affixed the seal of the highest court, the court of heaven, to the marriage relation.

" 'It was our wedding-day
A month ago,' dear heart, I hear you say.
If months, or years, or ages since have passed,
I knew not: I have ceased to question Time.
I only know that once there pealed a chime
Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast,
And all stood back, and none my sight denied,
And forth we walked: the world was free and wide
Before us. Since that day
I count my life: the Past is washed away."

—*Bayard Taylor.*

A DISCOURAGING OUTLOOK.

It is with the greatest humility, and with infinite disgust, that we are compelled to admit the corrupt and demoralized tendencies of mankind generally, and of the young men in particular. In fact, we see no hope for a better or improved state of affairs until the millenium shall have been ushered in. The indelible stamp of six thousand years of disobedience to God's laws, proves the stamp to be genuine human depravity. We tremble sometimes when we see a young lady promenading the streets, or at fashionable entertainments, with a young man whose real character is under a mask, *which, if torn off, would reveal a heart the most corrupt, and blacker*

than coal tar. We have sometimes been tempted to tell some of these confiding young ladies of the character and reputation of certain young men whom they were so agreeably entertaining. We were once on the point of sending a note to the mother of a young lady, warning her of the danger to which her daughter was exposed by the company she was keeping. But, we remembered, years ago, of offering some advice gratis, and what a storm it occasioned, and the narrow escape we had of being annihilated for presuming to meddle with "other people's affairs," and being told that in future it would be healthy for us to devote our entire time to minding our own individual business and that by so doing we would probably live longer and die a natural death. It was very good advice on general principles. We have, however, learned by experience, that it is the last thing that young people, or the "old folks" even, desire any voluntary advice about it. "We are competent to manage our own family affairs. When we need your advice we will send for you," is the stereotyped phrase ever ready on such occasions. Blind infatuation, which sad experience alone can dispel. They do not realize the fact that it is possible for them to be deceived, or that they may be disappointed in any of their anticipations. They would scorn the suggestion even of such a probability. As a result many a young lady does commit herself into the hands of a young man whose real character and fitness for the married relation is utterly wanting in all the essential requisites necessary to make a home what it should be—the happiest place on earth.

A traveler on foot was one day passing along a street in the Shaker village of Shirley, Massachusetts, and he noticed that the roof of the woolen mill was on fire. He walked into the counting room at the mill, and said to the proprietor, "Mister, your mill is on fire." The proprietor coolly turned around, and looking the traveler in the face, replied to him thus: "Allow me, sir, to ask you by what distinguished consideration I am indebted to you for this information?" This is a good illustration of the manner the majority of people receive voluntary information or advice, and especially if they are about to decide on the choice of a life partner.

SHAMS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

Society is full of shams, and there is no limit to the number of their dupes. The tailor makes the man, and the dressmaker and

milliner make the woman of society. Each are as empty and hollow as the "dummies" of the caterers to fashion. The apparel worn by many a one at a fashionable entertainment is worth more than the person that displays it. It is a well-known fact, that notoriously bad characters, not only in Paris—the centre of the world of fashion—but also in this country, are hired to attend fashionable entertainments for no other purpose than to exhibit and show off the goods of certain caterers to fashion. Think of it, virtuous and over-anxious mothers, the characters of some women who are selected to introduce the latest fashions. Did it ever occur to you, that possibly even a daughter of yours might be sometime selected to do the same work? A person with an elegant form, a lovely face, and a graceful carriage is always preferred. Ah! it is a sad life to trace back. An unfortunate marriage may have been the cause for it all. She exclaims: "Whither shall I go? My prospects for the future are blasted." And so many of them learn to sing the song of the siren.

What fearful responsibilities rest upon parents. What grief many a mother brings to her own bosom by her zeal to marry off a daughter—perhaps to forestall some other equally anxious mother, who wants her daughter to catch the nice young man, of "great expectations." Once married, the poor girl finds too soon the beginning of her troubles. Perhaps her husband abandons her soon after the brilliant wedding is over, and he has secured what money she may have. She is in a strange city, penniless, friendless; she remembers her home, and the display at the nuptial feast; she remembers the congratulations of friends, and how bright appeared the sunshine of promised happiness. And now the black darkness of midnight envelopes her. Deserted by her husband, broken in spirit, too proud to return to her father's house, to meet her old friends once more, she takes the downward path to ruin. This is no fancy picture, but simply repeating the old, old story, so often told, so soon forgotten. Were it not for the multiplication of similar cases, the houses of infamy would be vacant. There is a judgment day coming, when those who, directly or indirectly, have helped to keep them filled will have no light sin to answer for. No worse hell need be looked for than to have a daughter point her finger at her mother, and grinning in fiendish delight, say: "You sent me here. Had I not compelled me to marry that man, I should not now be living."

life of shame. Reform? No, never! I never can be free from the foul stain of a shameless life. It is too late. The die is cast. I am lost to all that is good."

UNFITTED FOR MARRIAGE.

The simple performance of the marriage ceremony will not change the general character or disposition of the parties united. It is only the entrance into that period through which the real characters of the parties will be unfolded, and their adaptability for each other, and for the trials of an earnest life made manifest. As we have already said to young men in a chapter on "Happy Homes," that they cannot exercise too much caution in the choice of a life partner, so we would here remark with emphasis, that a young lady should exercise greater vigilance in confiding her hand and heart to any young man. We regret to have to admit that there are young men who are utterly unfit, socially, morally, and physically, to marry. A young man who is supremely selfish, willing to sacrifice his best friend for his own personal enjoyment or comfort, is not worthy of the hand of any young lady of respectable standing.

The moral character of every young man should be beyond all question. There are hundreds of young men without character, who move in good society, are "pinks of perfection," as the world terms them, "fashionable," boasting of high-bred connections, yet looking down with contempt upon ordinary though upright young men with whom they come in contact. The young man who assumes no airs, but modestly fills his position in society, is a jewel in comparison. Nevertheless, there are thoughtless young ladies who will bow and smile, and ever so eager for conquest, and through fear of a rival, will bite the hook set by one of these nice, high-toned young men, only to find at last that they have been basely deceived, have thrown themselves away, become the wife of a villain of the deepest dye, whose real character was blacker than pitch, and a thousand times more contaminating. There is now a man in the State's prison at Joliet, Illinois, who was convicted of bigamy, and is serving out his sentence. He had been married five times, and five wives living were known of. How many more victims who from shame did not put in their appearance, will never be known. No doubt there were others, for the villain was marrying on the whole.

sale order. It is a mockery of justice to let such a man live in hopes of gaining his freedom in a few years to repeat the villainy. It is a worse crime than any cold-blooded murder. Hanging would be too mild a punishment for such a wretch. If he had been burned alive, he would not have been subjected to the suffering and misery he inflicted on his innocent and too confiding victims, who must endure a life of bitterest grief, while their innocent children are compelled to carry a cruel burden, with its dark shadow to darken all their pathway through life. There is not a day in all the year that perfidy is not being practiced somewhere upon some innocent, unsuspecting young lady. There is not a day in all the year which hath not its sorrows, with weeping and wailing of the broken hearted, with hopes blasted and ruined for this life. We wish that we had the voice of a trumpet, that we might sound the warning, to be heard in every home, that anxious mothers might be alarmed over their undue haste to have a daughter "engaged" and married to a man whose record and past history perhaps, she knows as little about as she does of the man in the moon.

An unfortunate union is more to be deplored than a life of single blessedness. "Be not unequally yoked together." The mission of a woman *may* be something greater than entering the married state, but such a mission is hardly conceivable. The world is full of heroines who, for humanity's sake, have been and are willing to sacrifice all the enjoyment there may be in having a home of their own, that they may do the work of lifting up the down-trodden and oppressed. Those who become missionaries of the cross, and deny themselves of all the blessings of a domestic life and a happy home, that others may enjoy its blessings, will have their reward.

ANNUAL SALE OF MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS.

At the fashionable summer watering places the great bargains are offered and taken by the highest bidders, and the goods delivered. Ambitious mothers bring in their marriageable daughters, and put them up at auction. Brainless fools are numerous, and equally anxious to bid on the prizes. Each manage with adroitness and consummate skill, to get the most for the least money. Mock auctions do a lively business. The goods sold are fully equal to the

pay received. Buyer and seller are alike—diamond cut diamond—brass matches brass. To the lookers on it is disgusting and nauseating. The mother trots out her gorgeously appareled daughter, and puts her on exhibition. She boasts of her high bred connections, her pedigree, of the high-toned society that she is accustomed to move in; of her hundreds of admirers, and of their wealth; of the fortunes that have been offered to place at her disposal; how she has been importuned to condescend to accept their hands in marriage; tells of the costly fabrics, of gold and precious diamonds, costing fabulous sums to the donors, that have been lavished upon her, too precious to exhibit to the vulgar crowd. Six times a day her carriage arrives and departs from the main entrance of her hotel; six times a day her dresses must be changed. Brainless fools, with brass and dash, stand ready to bow and scrape, and to lift the hat as often as possible, ever watching an opportunity to do so. Well bred young men are at a heavy discount; gentlemen with foreign airs, "counts," "heirs apparent" to titled honors, are recipients of her smiles and attentions. One of these is presented and a formal introduction takes place; each assumes the airs of the most aristocratic, neither of them manifesting the slightest indications of being *impressed*, or possessing in any degree, the tender passion. The way however, is open for further parleying; friends of each party become greatly interested, and press upon the victims the great prize that is sure to be won. They are a "lovely couple." Whoever saw two persons so perfectly adapted to make a happy union? After a great ado (about nothing) negotiations are consummated, and congratulations are great among interested parties.

The marriage ceremony is performed. The sequel is too well known to multiply words about. Six months' time reveals the duplicity, the shame, the imposition, that each had attempted, and successfully accomplished, to the infinite disgust and disgrace of themselves, and everybody else. The "count" was a pretender. His "annuity" failed to meet running expenses. The wife's friends were not over-burdened with wealth, and her dower and all her costly diamonds would not pay a week's board at a first class hotel if sold at their value. The financial condition of each had reached such a precarious situation, and the future prospects not being *encouraging*, hunger compelled them to seek relief among their friends. So each went their own way.

WHY THERE ARE SO FEW HAPPY UNIONS.

The anxious enquiry very naturally comes from the uninitiated, why there should be so few happy unions in wedded life. In most instances it is simply the result of the thoughtless, careless, reckless indifference of the contracting parties themselves. Many times, however, it results from over-officious friends, or the unscrupulous and designing parents of one of the parties in marriage, by their bold and adroit schemes to accomplish a union in name only from sinister motives. Such disregard for the welfare of a child deserves the severest censure. It is an outrage for any parent to dictate whom a son or daughter shall or shall not marry. To compel a union where there is no affinity, no congeniality of feeling, or aspirations that are in unison, is more cruel than the grave itself. Often times there is a great repugnance of feeling, so marked and dissimilar are their tastes and desires that each year of wedded life only widens the chasm between the wedded pair. A fearful responsibility rests upon any one who is guilty of using undue influence to consummate an unequal marriage relation; as for example compelling a girl of twenty to marry a man of sixty or seventy-five, as has been done.

LOOK WELL BEFORE YOU LEAP.

"Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that another hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay."

—*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

Very few young ladies foresee disappointment in the man of their choice; they cannot believe that they will be deceived; that they will not realize the fond dreams of happiness in wedded life; that they will be caught as others have. To their eyes, their intended is a beau ideal of perfection; altogether too good to be a hypocrite. They forget that their friends before them were just as sanguine, just as confident of their ability to read character. In spite of all *this, hundreds are deceived and made wretchedly miserable, with no hope for relief but in death, which is looked for and welcomed.*

It is a living death to wait for the time when the grave alone is to be the end of the woes of this life.

Every young lady, when she marries, commits herself, her happiness, into the hands of the man she takes for a husband. Most confidently she gives him her heart, her life. It is therefore a matter of no small importance that she shall know well the man she accepts for a husband. It is no trivial matter for a day or a month, that is to be enjoyed or otherwise, and then be concluded; but it is for life, and for all there is in life, to be enjoyed or suffered; and all that it is possible for flesh to endure. It is a matter of the greatest magnitude, and results of the most momentous interest are to be passed upon for weal or woe. It is a lottery, if you make it one. It is a leap in the dark, if you persistently shut your eyes, and close your ears to all the opportunities that any young lady may have if she will exercise common sense. Many rush into wedlock, and then learn what they ought and could have known in advance. If you were to invest a thousand dollars in a piece of real estate, you would not accept the title, no matter how broad the parchment, or how elegantly it might be printed, without investigation. No prudent person would purchase a house and lot of a friend, much less of a stranger, without having the title to it examined by a disinterested expert. The deed by which the seller proposed to convey the property might not be worth a cent, even for old rags. The records might show that his title was defective in every essential particular. There might be shadows upon it that could not be removed, other parties might have unsatisfied judgments and liens, and in fact, the seller's interest might be absorbed by encumbrances several times the value of the property. Whoever would buy the property without a clean title, would simply lose every dollar he paid. The contract for the marriage relation is of vastly greater importance to a young lady than any investment in property can possibly be. When a young lady marries a man who turns out to be utterly worthless, she has given her all—herself—for something that is worse than a lost fortune; worse than a worthless title to a piece of real estate. The buying of a poor husband at the price of a good one, is buying an incumbrance that cannot be removed, cannot be sold or given away. To be linked for life to a worthless vagabond is no matter of *light consequence*. Why should a young lady exercise more cau-

being associated with so much humanity unlike himself; and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her, that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, that it needs a very long summer to ripen in and then a long winter to mellow and season. But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes upon such a spectacle."—*Anonymous*.

"But happy they! The happiest of their kind:
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their being blend.

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The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy: and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garlands on their head:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild:
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamored more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep:
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

—From "*The Seasons*," by James Thomson.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

THE EVILS OF PERNICIOUS HABITS.

Mankind act more from habit than reflection. Man is a bundle of habits.

—Paley.

If a young lady marries a man addicted to any bad habit, with the expectation that she can exert a sufficiently powerful influence over him to correct that habit, she knows not the strength of the chains which bind him, and does not fully comprehend her own weakness and helplessness in such a contest. Many a young man is ready to promise to give up any habit that is objectionable, and may possibly restrain himself from yielding to its influences for a time, until he is married. Thereafter, if anything should go wrong in his home or business, he will be quite likely to return to his transgressions, and the chances then of a reform will be much more remote. Bargains of the kind referred to have been made hundreds of times, and will continue to be made while the world lasts; but human nature in these days includes so much of weakness that it is almost next to an impossibility to find one solitary case, where the marriage contract was made conditional that the intended bridegroom should abandon a bad habit, which has been faithfully carried out. Notwithstanding the most sacred of pledges before marriage, the appetite for intoxicating liquors is so unrelenting that many have been known to become raving maniacs from drink in less than one month after marriage, and have been placed in asylums for inebriates for safety and treatment.

THE HABIT OF TOBACCO USING.

The habit of using tobacco is equally hard to overcome. We have known a man to abandon its use for three years, and then fail at last to keep his pledge. He could get down on his knees before the lady of his choice and in the most solemn manner pledge his word and his honor never to taste or touch the accursed stuff again; could call heaven to witness his vows; yet, this man did

not keep his pledge sacred a month after marriage. Many are sincere in their pledges, and believe they can keep them inviolate. Others are not so, and having accomplished their purpose in marrying the lady of their choice, have no regard for any pledges made before marriage. If reminded of their vows, they are ready to respond, "If you don't like it, what are you going to do about it?" And what will you, my fair reader, do about it if you have been thus imposed upon, entrapped and betrayed? What can you do but suffer and bear the consequences of the iniquitous imposition as long as you live.

Various devices have been resorted to by husbands to annul reformatory obligations made prior to the nuptial ceremony. A few weeks or months after marriage the vile habit revives its slumbering fires, and the appetite for drink or tobacco becomes overpowering. They have not the desire to wilfully break their pledges, so they resort to strategy to nullify them. They lose their appetite, lose all ambition to do any labor; they lie down on the floor or anywhere, and put on all the appearance of dying, as though passing away without suffering any aches or pains. One of these subjects becomes a "lovely" patient, wanting nothing, perfectly satisfied with having nothing done for him; not a word or murmur escapes his lips. He never felt so queerly before. The tender nursing and loving attentions of his wife has not the slightest effect upon him. She is in despair over his situation and calls a physician, who cannot detect any disease or any apparent cause for the husband's semi-unconscious state. He gives a few powders to restore the appetite, which fail of their purpose and do not remove the stupor. The wife becomes greatly alarmed and suggests a short trip to Niagara Falls, the White Mountains or the sea shore, but the husband cannot be aroused from his seeming lethargy to make the least effort to do anything. The anxiety of the wife is wrought up to the keenest tension, and the time has come for the husband to strike for liberty, to be absolved from his promise. Suddenly a happy thought comes to his mind. It flashed upon his stupified brain and he is electrified by its shock. He is only too eager to reveal the secret of all his trouble. His wife is *equally anxious* to learn the cause of his difficulty. She is ready *to do and sacrifice* anything, everything, if he can only be well

again. Impatiently she kneels down by his side to catch every word of the revelation as it falls from his almost paralyzed tongue. Finally, after great hesitation and much display of feeling, he very reluctantly expresses his convictions. For years he had been accustomed to use tobacco, and it was possible that, on leaving off its use entirely, the reaction had thrown him into this unhappy state. He fully realized his unfortunate situation, but it was "all right." He had promised to discontinue the use of tobacco, and he was bound not to break his word. He would rather die than to be guilty of such a base sacrifice of his honor as a man. The wife could not endure seeing her poor husband living in such a deplorable condition. She suggests that he should just try a cigar and see if that was not the cause of his trouble. If the occasional smoking of a cigar would cure him, she would most gladly absolve him from his ante-nuptial agreement. She suggests that she should go down to the cigar store "right off" and get a cigar, that he might see what it would do for him. Very reluctantly, under the circumstances, he would consent to try one cigar "just for an experiment." He implores her not to buy more than one. The cigar is purchased and the wife lights a taper for the husband to light the cigar, and then she sits down by his side with his hand in hers to watch the effect. Although his appetite for a "good smoke" is keen, he commences to draw and puff with marked deliberation—very, very moderately. Before the cigar is half smoked he lays it down. The effect was magical, but he choked down all exhibitions of his rapidly improving condition. He was satisfied, however, that tobacco was just what his system required. In three days time he was wonderfully transformed. He was a new man, and never felt so well as now. The unsuspecting wife is willing to relieve him from all restrictions in the use of tobacco, and is thankful that it should have occurred to his mind what was the probable cause of his sickness.

INTOXICATING DRINKS.

Another lesson we wish to enforce also is, that it is a dangerous experiment for any young lady to unite herself in marriage with any man who has become addicted to a habit of drinking. Men are but human, and oftentimes are too weak to resist the goadings of an

unnaturally formed appetite. No matter how much they may desire to be temperate, nor how firmly they may mentally resolve to withstand its behests, when the trial comes, they will too often yield to the demands of the master vice. A husband who does not become emancipated from its bonds, in the very first days of married life, will be gradually transformed into a very different person; at first careless and insensible to the higher impulses and instincts of his nature; then into a brute, with all the better qualities of even the brute wanting; and afterwards into a demon, that knows not the fear of God or man, nor realizes the terrible results of his downfall. To conquer this demon is to conquer the most gigantic and formidable enemy that ever possessed a human being. We have seen men who fully realized their deplorable and unhappy condition. They would lament over their sins, and weep the tears of bitter regret for having fallen into the habit of drink. They would often essay to rise up in their manhood, and most solemnly determine that they would never again yield to the habit. When they find how utterly futile are all their efforts to conquer the insatiable thirst for liquor, when they find they cannot break off its use for a week, or for a single day even, thousands take the next step, which is suicide.

A young man in Boston, a few years ago, was wild with delirium tremens, in charge of friends who were watching him to keep him from doing himself personal injury. One night suddenly springing away from his watchers, and leaping through a window, he fell down four stories to the pavement. As his attendants were trying to lift up the quivering mass of flesh, and broken bones, the poor victim in the expiring agonies of death, cried out, "Why did you not hold me!" O! who can bind and hold the demon of one bad habit.

Our Saviour when on earth, could cure those possessed with evil spirits, and he alone has power to bind in chains the evil spirits of to-day, that no earthly power can bind.

When all is sunshine, and all goes pleasantly, a very frail bark will sail safely over a tranquil sea, but when the storm king lets loose his pent up forces, and the winds lash the waves into a foam, *and they run mountain high*, then the frail bark goes to the bottom, *with all its precious freight*. So, a young man may be able to con-

trol his passion for strong drink when all is calm and peaceful, and his business moving along successfully, but let a reverse come, a financial crash, and hard times set in, then he will be severely tested. The majority will go down, instead of holding to their places, when the trial comes. It is so much easier to give up and to relax all efforts to battle with difficulties and overcome them. It requires no effort to slide down hill; once cut loose from the restraints of home and friends, the descent becomes easy and rapid. There is no way-station on the down grade to stop at for rest. Once at the bottom it is almost an impossibility to rise again. Like the old California stage driver, who on his dying bed exclaimed, "I am on the down grade, and cannot reach the brakes." Thousands of young men are on the "down grade," and do not know it. They will pass their lives under the delusion that some day they are to rise above all their vices; but at last their vices will conquer. Alas, how many young men have brought woe to a loving wife, and a beautiful home, by the unquenchable thirst for drink.

"Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive to strip them, 'tis being flayed alive."
—*Cowper*.

"Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied."

CHEERFULNESS.

"Do not look for wrong and evil—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you."

"Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile."

—*Alice Cary.*

"Cheerfulness banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm." —*Addison.*

"He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

—*Solomon.*

LONG FACES AT A DISCOUNT.

Solomon had opportunities that no man before or since has enjoyed to study and to know human nature. The advantages he possessed permitted him to see life as represented by all classes, from the highest to the lowest. He could read character under whatever phase it might exhibit itself. He knew the influences that were woven into each particular trait and disposition. Being king and judge, he could sum up human experience in all its details, as illustrated by living examples, developed in his subjects. No one peculiarity escaped his notice. He left a complete record of his observations. His judgment stands to-day unimpeached, beyond question. His proverbs have been thoroughly tested, and proven to be infallible. He had seen long faces and somber countenances, and heard sepulchral voices, doleful as a funeral march, but he was not deceived by them, so well could he read human nature, and understand the real characters of those who appeared before him, for judgment. He could discern very well such persons as were the least entitled to clemency. The man who could make the loudest wail, and shed tears the most profusely, and cry over his petition the longest, was, as a rule the greatest of hypocrites; and human action *in these latter days* is very much under the same control. We heard *of a man who was* to be tried for a crime. He commenced to cry

and sob as though his heart would break. The judge asked him what he was crying so for; he would have justice done him. The man replied: "That is what I am afraid of."

Joshua of old was badly deceived by a heathen tribe, which sent a delegation to negotiate peace with him. Their woe-begone faces, their old worn-out garments, and musty bread, and the sad story they told him, led him to accede to their terms. Their long faces were only put on to deceive him and to cover their hypocrisy. Long faces are proper for funerals and grave-yards, but are not adapted to legitimate every day affairs; they are unreliable. Our Saviour condemned them as hypocritical.

THE VALUE OF PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS.

No honest person need live down among the weeds, and the bull-rushes, or dwell in the dismal swamp amid owls, bats and alligators. It is the high privilege of every one to live in the sunshine, high up on mount lookout, and out of, and above the fogs and damps that settle at its base, where lurk dark shadows, hobgoblins, hideous sights, and horrid sounds. A merry heart must have bright visions; without them it would soon grow sad. No man would spread a feast in a coal pit, for himself or friends. Pleasant surroundings are the embellishments to an enjoyable feast. If you are living down in the dismal swamp, you must move out, and go beyond its dark shadows. You need to light up the dark recesses of a despondent heart, with the lamp of hope, and the assurance of faith, and to ever keep the lamps trimmed and supplied with oil that they may burn brightly. Then the countenance will be illumined and radiant. Then you will enjoy perpetual sunshine.

"Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadows of our burdens behind us." Of all moods, the one most to be dreaded is the "blue." Sitting down and mourning over one's lot, does more harm than good. It is simply closing all the doors and blinds, debaring all sunlight and shutting one's self up with one's self, so that no good can be seen, no opportunities, however desirable, can be made available.

A crying child cannot see well. Long-faced individuals cannot see good in any thing. They go with their eyes half closed, ever turning their vision inward, and making themselves miserable be-

ings thereby. Looking in upon one's self is a good thing to do, in order to discover one's faults. But merely looking at them, even until the day of judgement, will avail nothing.

"Tis a good thing sometimes to be alone,
 Sit calmly down and look Self in the face,
 Ransack the heart, search every secret place;
 Prayerfully uproot the baneful seeds there sown,
 Pluck out the weeds ere the full crop is grown,
 Gird up the loins afresh to run the race,
 Foster all noble thoughts, cast out the base,
 Thrust forth the bad and make the good thine own.
 Who has this courage thus to look within?
 Keep faithful watch and ward with inner eyes,
 The foe may harass, but can we ne'er surprise
 Or over him ignoble conquest win.
 O! doubt it not if thou wouldst wear a crown,
 Self, baser Self, must first be trampled down."

HOPEFULNESS BEGETS CHEERFULNESS.

There must be active work done. No one can do himself justice by sitting down and mourning over his faults and misfortunes. Lot's wife lost her life by looking backward. Some people are forever looking backward instead of looking forward and upward, and their vision becomes so contracted they fail to see the golden opportunities that are passing. Some persons always have their cups bottom side up when the shower comes. Some are like the foolish virgins who neglected to fill and trim their lamps and were too late for the wedding. Hope is the anchor to cheerfulness. Hold on to the anchor.

"True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself, its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good, the giving up *of the battle of life with dead nothingness*. He who can plant *courage in the human soul* is the best physician."—Von Knebel.

MAKE YOUR DAILY TOIL A PLEASURE.

The boy who goes whistling along down the avenue to his daily task, and at night when the day's labor is over returning in the same happy mood, is the boy who enjoys life and has a continual feast. On the other hand, the boy who drags one foot after the other as though walking was exceedingly painful to him, with his head down and a scowl on his face, has no pleasure in his daily occupation. With him work goes hard. The days are too long and the nights too short. Such a boy has no enjoyment; life spreads no feast for him.

To be happy one must take pleasure in whatever avocation they are engaged; be happy in anticipation of the good that is sure to come as the result of honest labor. That fact makes them cheerful. The young lady who is up with the lark and goes about her daily labors singing as merrily, is always happy and cheerful, even if wearied with the burdens of the day. With her it is always sunshine. She is ever looking on the bright side of affairs, and making the best out of adversity.

"The darkest cloud has its silver lining." "The good time is coming." "The darkest night must flee before the king of day." Happy are the hopeful ones, watching for the faintest pencillings of light, the advance messengers of his coming. They never yield to gloom; never sit down by a frog pond with their "harps hung upon the willows," wailing over the past in doleful strains. Who ever heard of people making themselves or anyone else happy by miserable wailing over their life prospects. We have sometimes seen a dog sitting by the roadside howling in the most doleful strains. For the life of us we never could see in what way it helped or improved the dog, or how his piety was any more to be relied upon for his howling propensity. We judge he would not refuse an "option" on a beef-steak, even if it was not lying around loose. It might not be hypocrisy in the dog, but we question if it does not look like hypocritical howling in some humans that we meet.

There is more power for good in a cheerful, happy disposition, than in a whole battalion of woe-begone countenances, which some seem to take delight in cultivating. They are ever unhappy and growling, to the discomfort of all who are compelled to have *anything to do with them*.

A SINGING REGIMENT.

The colonel of a regiment had accustomed his men to sing when under forced marches and when difficult duties were to be performed. It had a wonderful effect in keeping his men cheerful under the severest privations. His command became distinguished in the corps as the "Singing Regiment," as well as the best disciplined one. On the eve of a great battle the colonel asked his general, after having been assigned his position in the coming contest, if he should forbid his men singing as they went into the engagement. The reply was, "No; let them sing, for men who can sing as your regiment can will fight." And when the blast of the bugle sounded the charge the regiment went singing down into the valley, made red by the awful carnage and slaughter. The battle was won, and as their shattered and broken ranks returned to camp they took up a song of victory. The commander-in-chief in person complimented them for their gallantry, and for the victory that they had been instrumental in achieving. If the strains of music can make soldiers fight more fiercely, what ought it not to do for those who are engaged in peaceful avocations.

We read the story of a major in command of thirty dragoons, who entered a quiet vicarage and demanded within three hours more than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father, one of his daughters took her guitar and sang to it one of Gerhardt's hymns. Presently the door softly opened, the officer stood at it and motioned her to continue, and when the hymn was sung he thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons and rode off.

Cheerfulness has a wonderful power over the most abandoned characters. It has a greater power over the good, inciting them to conquer the foes that must be overcome to enjoy the most of life. Our own physical being must suffer whenever we give way to despondency. Keep your heart merry, thereby warding off many of the "ills that flesh is heir to."

JEALOUSY.

Of all the unfortunate and unhappy dispositions that characterize the human family, none are more objectionable or undesirable than that of a jealous one. We pity from the bottom of our heart anyone who is naturally of a jealous nature. They cannot but be unhappy themselves, while they inflict upon all with whom they have dealings the unhappiness inseparable from persons possessing such characteristics. The freaks of a jealous person are unaccountable in their nature, and are governed by no law of reason. A jealous spirit is the offspring of selfishness, and becomes intensified through continued manifestation, growing and developing until its subject becomes absolutely mastered by its influence, and powerless to possess or exercise any of the human qualities of a reasonable being. When once under its complete sway, it controls in the most heartless and cruel manner. There is no crime so black as is often committed at the instigation of the green-eyed demon, jealousy, wreaking its anger without mercy upon a poor and often innocent victim.

"For jealousy is the rage of a man: therefore he will not spare in the day of judgment.

"He will not regard any reason: neither will he rest content, though thou givest many gifts."
—*Prov.* 6: 34, 35.

The most loving and intimate friends are often separated by this demon, and when for once the evil spirit of jealousy is fully aroused to wrath, the "dogs of war" are let loose, and like a starving hyena they follow the prey to the death. Like the fierceness of bloodhounds upon the track of a poor fugitive fleeing for life, there is no escape, no parleying, no compromise, no forgiveness.

Upon the slightest grounds, a jealous nature will magnify molehills into mountains, and seeming inadvertences into "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ." No explanations can satisfy, no declarations of faith and love atone, no mitigating circumstances have any force, in any misunderstanding in which he becomes interested.

ITS CRUELTY AND MALIGNITY.

There is nothing to be more dreaded, nor is there anything in the catalogue of human depravity, that equals the passion of jealousy for its cruelty, malignity and fierceness. Yet it is no crime known to human law, for there is no statute against it. The most cold-blooded, diabolical murder that ever stained the red hands of a murderer, is saintly in comparison to the fiendish spirit that rankles within the breast of him who harbors this demon. Laws may punish open acts of violence, but there is no law to punish the lynx-eyed fiend, that works under cover, in the dark. It is a sin a thousand times blacker than any crime amenable to the laws of the country; consequently no adequate punishment can be administered for the wrongs inflicted on an innocent victim of its wrath, which it hunts down with all the persistence and ferocity of a raving, starving hyena.

"Jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame."
—*Canticles*, 8: 6.

ILLUSTRATIONS ON EVERY HAND.

There are plenty of agents of the demon of jealousy ever ready to do his bidding. How slight and trifling a matter will set the wheels in motion where there is the least tendency to be a little jealous. Mrs. Tattleford drops in to see Mrs. Fidgety, to see how the baby does. She is in a great hurry, and cannot stop a minute, but there is a burden on her soul that is so heavy she cannot help speaking about it. And she begins: "I suppose you have heard all about the trouble in our minister's family? What! not heard a word? That is very strange. I thought everybody in town heard of that. I don't want you to tell anybody that I told you, for it may not be so. Well, it is said that our minister whips his wife. It is dreadful to have such a scandal going around. Every sinner in town will hear of it. We never need to expect a revival so long as such things are going on. Our minister's wife is awfully stuck up. I don't see how he could have taken any fancy to her. I called on her once and that was enough for me. There, I must go. *By the way*, there is a little matter I just wanted to mention, as I *felt if you did not know it*, you ought to. It is of no consequence,

I know. I hope you will not feel hurt if I do speak of it. But, Mrs. F., did you know who your husband was seen with last night at the church sociable? They say he waited upon Sal Jones at the supper table. You know she is not any better than she ought to be. If I ever heard such a thing about my husband I would make him give an account of himself, and that right quick. I suppose you have heard what a time they had last night a week ago at that club supper. What! never heard a word? That is very strange. Your husband was there, you know. They do say it was shameful how some of those married men did cut up. Just think of their poor wives at home alone, with a sick baby, too, sitting up till two or three o'clock in the morning to let them in. You never would catch me sitting up that way, husband or no husband. No husband that is a husband will be out after nine o'clock and leave his family alone. I am thankful my husband don't belong to any of them 'ere clubs. If he did he would have to take me along when they had their doings or he would stay at home. How would I keep him? That is easy enough done. You know after our first child was born I used to have fits. Well, I just found out what caused those fits and how to cure them. I can throw myself into a fit now in two minutes. If you don't believe it— Oh, you needn't be scared, I am not going to. Nothing scares Joel so much as to see me in a fit. He wouldn't dare to run off when I was in one. I would hold on to the fit until it would be too late for him to go. My first husband, you see, was inclined to go out nights, but I broke him of that. How did I do it? Oh, I would have cramps coming on in my stomach, or colic, or suthin'. It would have made you laugh to just see how I kept him—poor soul, he is dead now—hopping around making catnip tea, heating bricks and hot water jugs. He didn't get away very often I assure you. I always found out by sister Rattlebury what was up. We kept each other posted. If she didn't know what was going on in her parish she found out what was going wrong in ours, as I did in hers. The way folks are carrying on in our city is just awful. It is very strange our ministers or deacons don't know what's going on. It does seem to me as though the devil was let loose in our town, and if he don't catch some of them that pretends to be so pious I shall be disappointed. I tell you what, Mrs. Fidgety, it is just awful to

think what we are coming to. When the new year came in I hoped there would be a change. As for me, I never felt piouiser in all my life, but after going around as I do and hearing how this one does, and what that one is doing, I feel as though I had not much religion left in me. I don't blame Moses for being angry and dropping them tables when he saw them wicked Israelites cutting up around that calf. I wish somebody else would just take my place for once. They would soon learn what a dreadful state society is getting into. But somebody must visit the parish folks or the Lord only knows what would come of us all. When those that are going wrong know there is some one watching them, it makes them more careful. There would be more divorces pretty near home, too, if some wives knew what they ought of their husbands' doings when out of sight of their poor wives. The Lord knows I am the last person who would cause trouble, especially between man and wife. But I do think you ought to know that everybody is talking about it. I hear of it everywhere I go. I kind of hesitate to speak first because we are neighbors. They ask, is it true? Well, I don't say much, only I hope it ain't true. What else could I say. No man is too good to be watched. I just felt it my duty to come over this morning and let you know that stories are going around. If such stories were told about my husband I would thank anybody to just come and tell me at once. La, sakes! if it isn't school time—the Bodwell children are going now. I must go or my children will have to go without breakfast or be late to school. The fact is, when I get to talking about our parish matters I never know when to stop. I fairly dreaded to say a word to you for I knew it would make you feel so bad. I was afraid it might bring on a fit of sickness. You have looked so miserable for so long a time, it just seemed to me as though you had some secret trouble gnawing at your vitals all the while. I kind of felt that this was it. Do come over and see me, won't you. I should be so delighted to have you. Good morning!"

The work of a fiend is done. A happy home is ruined. The innocent wife becomes nervous and fidgety. The seed of jealousy has been sown. She importunes her husband to know what it all *means*. At first he laughs over it, and the more she ponders over it *the greater becomes her anxiety to know what is in the wind*. Surely

there must be something. She questions and presses her husband all the harder for an explanation. The husband becomes vexed, and then very angry over her persistency for explanations, when there is nothing to explain. It results in a separation. Husband and wife each go their own way, feeling a great wrong had been committed by the other. One year passes, and the whole trouble turns out to be the pure maliciousness of Mrs. Tattleford. It was a year of untold grief to the poor wife. And so the year rolls round. Mr. Fidgety's house was vacant that length of time. Mrs. Tattleford had one less family on her list, to keep under her watchful care for that year. A new neighbor, Mrs. Golden, now moved into the vacant house. Mrs. Tattleford lost no time in making the acquaintance of the new occupant. She was exceedingly affable, and hoped Mrs. Golden would be neighborly, and return her calls, as she enjoyed sociability. Was so glad to see the house occupied once more with such an interesting family. The children were so beautiful. She never had seen handsomer ones. A month had hardly passed before Mrs. Tattleford had a presentiment. She must go right over to Mrs. Golden's and interview her at once. Her church obligations were ever weighing heavily upon her. She never faltered, however, in the performances of her duties as she interpreted them. She always had several families in hot water, and she was exceedingly anxious to add Mrs. Golden's to her list. She freely explained the situation of affairs in several families, and elaborated on the prospects of one or two divorces before long. She intimated that possibly Mr. Golden was no better man than he ought to be. That "the best of husbands need watching now a days, you know." She presumed that Mr. Golden was however, a very good man, but—Mrs. Golden interrupted Mrs. Tattleford before she could complete the sentence. She told Mrs. Tattleford to "stop right there." Mrs. Golden was a woman of spirit, and she was full of righteous indignation, and she lost no time in reading Mrs. Tattleford a lively chapter on her assumption and presumption to censorship over her family, and especially in casting one word of suspicion against her husband. This is the way it read:

"Now, Mrs. Tattleford, I want to have a little plain talk with you, this afternoon. You have considered it your duty to talk about our church, and its members, those whom you have considered were

neglecting their privileges and duties. You seem to have assumed the general censorship all around, minister and all. So far as I can learn, you have not as yet been elected to that office, neither are you commissioned by anyone to do the work. In my humble opinion, you have assumed too much. Carrying the sins of everybody else but your own, is altogether too great a burden. If I were you, I would lay so heavy a burden down for a while, at least, and take a little rest; you surely need it. Just think how many miles you have traveled in the last year. If it is the Lord's work you are engaged in, you have no right to kill yourself in trying to do too much of it in one year. Sister Tattleford, take my advice: stay quietly at home for six months, at least, unless the Lord specially calls upon you to go forward in this line of work, you seem so well adapted to do. But, be sure you hear the Lord's call pretty *loud*, before you respond, "Here am I." Now, as to myself and husband. We are one in thought, and all our plans are drawn on the mutual basis. There is not a man or woman living who dares to come between me and my husband. Mr. Golden is a gentleman, and he knows what belongs to a true gentleman, whether in society or out of it. If he sees proper to wait upon a respectable lady when unattended by a gentleman, at any entertainment that he sees proper to attend, he will do so. If he gives up his seat in a street car to a woman with a baby, be she black or white, it is none of your business. There are some people who don't know what etiquette means. They are as ignorant of true politeness as a horse-block, consequently when they see it illustrated by pure-minded ladies and gentlemen, people who are sadly deficient in mental calibre are unable to make but one interpretation, and that must harmonize with their own low and narrowly-constructed ideas of propriety. When I go to an entertainment, and my husband is unable to attend, he is equally anxious that I shall show that I know how to appear lady-like, and what is proper at public sociables. He invariably acquiesces, and charges me not to come home alone if there is a gentleman present, be he married or single. Oh, yes! I knew you would throw up your hands in holy horror. If you live long enough, and study hard, you may be able to comprehend what belongs at least to good *manners, if nothing more.*

"Now, Mrs. Tattleford, as you have opened the way for it, I pro-

pose to give you a little good advice. The first and the best thing for you, in my humble opinion, to do, is to remain at home and attend to your own family affairs. The dilapidated condition of your husband's apparel, as well as your own and that of your children, is certainly the very best evidence that your services are needed there. In the second place, the devil is not needing any more agents at present, if I am allowed to express my conviction, to stir up church broils or family troubles, in this community. I think you and Mrs. Rattlebury have already done him ample service, more than either of you will be honorably compensated for. Of course you knew what compensation you might expect when you entered into his service. However, I suppose you have had daily satisfaction as you went along. I wouldn't consider his credit good for over *thirty days*. Yes, I know it is also said that "revenge is sweet." I don't remember of seeing that in either the short or longer catechisms. I think I should prefer to follow the other motto of "heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head." It would be more satisfaction to me, if I had the coals hot.

"Then again, you was instrumental in driving from us one of the best pastors that our church ever had. His farewell sermon was prepared expressly for your spiritual benefit. Most unfortunately you did not so receive the message. The most remarkable fact about that sermon was, that you suggested to the pastor as soon as he came down from the pulpit, that it ought to be printed, as you wanted a copy to lend to some folks you thought needed just such a reminder of their delinquencies, and were creating trouble in the church, and in the community. You was altogether too liberal, over-generous, to want to give away the entire discourse. There are some things we can be a little miserly over, and not be charged with selfishness, either. This one for instance, will do for an illustration. It is true that you so annoyed our old pastor by your constant and incessant desire to be "head reporter" of all that had happened within the last twenty-four hours, and to give *indications* for the next twenty-four, that you invariably suggested the necessity of having the storm signals ready to fly at a minute's notice. If you was pressed for time and over-work during the week, you was sure to be on hand in time to fill the pastor's ear, just as he was about to

enter the pulpit, with the last new scandal, that would astonish everybody, when made public. He became so nervous that he dreaded to see you at the morning service. It often completely unfitted him for his best efforts for the day.

"Now, as to the new minister whom you undertook to "run," as you had "run" his predecessor. There you failed. He was posted when he came here, and would not listen to your talk. When you found you could not get his ear, you commenced to injure his ministerial standing by intimating that his sermons were not original. You wanted to hear "the minister himself" when you went to church, "not somebody else." Then again, you put on its feet to travel through the community, that ridiculous nonsense that there was discord in the minister's family; that he had actually been seen whipping his wife. Because a little mouse happened to miss his calculations and fall through the ceiling register into the lap of the minister's wife, as she sat reading the "*Youth's Companion*" to her children, she screamed as some women will, as you know. There was a sudden commotion in that family circle, which lasted for several minutes. The mouse ran for life; the wife ran for mortal fear, and the husband ran for the mouse with his cane lifted high over his head, ready to deal a death blow to the intruder at first sight. Of course an eaves-dropper passing the parsonage, with its curtains up, and blinds open, would have a feast, and could make up a sensational story that would double every four blocks. If it went up Grand Avenue and down Arlington, it would be so highly embellished that it would not be recognized on its return to the manufacturer—the one that gave it a "send off." Mrs. Tattleford, just think what a mess that one little mouse stirred up in our parish, and in this community. No wonder that your excessive modesty, for shame, would not permit you to serve on the committee appointed to visit the pastor. The sequel you did not care to listen to. With what long and solemn faces did that committee explain to the innocent pastor their mission; the unpleasant duty they had been appointed to perform, and had then come to discharge. How quickly their gravity was dispelled by excessive mirthfulness, as they listened to the mouse story from both the minister and his wife. Mrs. Tattleford, my advice to you is, to take "the veil," a good long one. You will then not see so many disagreeable things to anno

you, and you will not have to use the truth so sparingly, as it seems you are inclined to do when out on your mission.

"Lastly, you broke up one of the happiest families in this city, that was then occupying this very house that we now occupy. It seems to me that you have come in here this morning for no other purpose than to commence your iniquitous business, in an attempt to break up and destroy the peace and happiness of my home. Thank the Lord, you have no poor Mrs. Fidgety here now to drive to insanity. Mrs. Fidgety would have been here to-day instead of being in the insane asylum, had you attended strictly to your own family affairs, instead of attempting to manage other people's domestic arrangements. There was not a shadow of an excuse; there was not a cloud upon Mr. Fidgety's reputation or personal character, and you must have known it all the time; you know it now, to your sorrow, I hope. A happy home was ruined, and ruined forever. I should think, that even in your dreams, you would have your sleep constantly troubled; that your ears would ring with the piercing wails of that poor wife as she raves in wild delirium over the loss of her once pleasant and happy home, and of her kind and affectionate husband, and darling children, she loved so well. You are alone guilty of this terrible, terrible wrong. Mr. Fidgety was driven from his home by your continued hints and slurs about him to his wife, by the "ifs" you were forever interlarding in your everyday talks to that poor woman; your ever trying to make her believe that there was something awful about to happen; that a storm was about to burst over her head, and then what! It troubled the poor wife and kept her continually under great nervous excitement. It caused her to be suspicious of her husband, and the more he tried to pacify her by telling her there was no occasion or grounds for her fears of his ever being untrue to her, the more excited she became. When the husband could not endure it longer, he left his home, and no one knows where he has gone. At last the poor wife came to her senses, but it was too late. The cruel work had been done. When at last she realized the situation, and that her husband was innocent, that he was one of the kindest and most affectionate husbands, that his whole heart and soul was bound up in his family, she went mad, and is now hopelessly insane; and who would not be under such circumstances! Mr. Fidgety is not the first husband who

has been driven from his home and family by a wife who had naturally a little jealousy in her disposition, just a single spark. Who knows or can tell what one spark may do, if for once it may be fanned into a blaze. It is a fire, once started to burn, will not cease to burn until all the tender and sacred sympathies are burned out of a human soul. It is said that one lively hornet will break up a camp-meeting, if he feels well, but, you and Mrs. Rattlebury are enough to break up an entire community, and ruin every family in this city.

"Mrs. Tattleford, the first chapter is finished. When will you call to hear the next chapter read?"

Mrs. Tattleford had a home feeling come over her very suddenly, and did not stop to name the day, so we cannot give even a synopsis of the second chapter to our readers in this edition.

"The wound may heal, though from a burning brand,
And be forgotten; but the wound ne'er heals
The burning tongue inflicts."

THE VICTIM.

A gentleman in good circumstances married an accomplished young lady, of a lovable disposition. They entered upon their new relations under the most favorable circumstances. They took up their abode in a beautiful cottage of their own, complete in all its appointments, and elegantly furnished. It was a happy home; the happiest that ever was launched on the sea of matrimony. Years sped along, and no ill wind, not a breath had disturbed its tranquillity. Their happiness to all appearance was complete. It seemed as though it never could be less, and would last forever. Business transactions called the husband away from home for several months. Correspondence was kept up almost daily during all the time. The husband was anxious to finish his business, and be at home once more. The devoted wife was equally anxious for his return, and counted the days and hours that separated them. The long wished-for day came at last. It was a happy greeting, and most lovingly did the wife welcome her husband to that home that had been "*so lonely, so long.*" She had anticipated all his wants and wishes at *his coming*. The husband was pleased and delighted, and he could

but exclaim, "This is heaven to me, and if there was ever an angel in a home it is here, and you are the angel."

Time passed and not a jar, not a word of discord had ever been known in that "model home," for that was the name that had been most appropriately given to it by their friends and neighbors. So it was, yet for all this outward seeming, there was sleeping in that beautiful and quiet home, a monster, a demon. While he slept he was harmless. The least noise, a whisper, would awake him from his sleeping lethargy. A lynx-eyed fiend, when once aroused in his might; no hand could tame; no chain could bind; no power could expel him.

The wife occasionally "talked" in her sleep. Incoherently, sometimes, a mere whisper; occasionally dropping a word or a sentence, the purport of which was eagerly caught up by the excited husband. Words of love and devotion seemed to be addressed to some invisible person: "No one knows how much I love you." "Had I wings I would be with you to-night." "No one knows but you." These and sundry other expressions, conveyed to the now excited brain of the husband, that there was some one who was seeking to invade his home, and had stolen his wife's affections, and a secret correspondence was being carried on unknown to him. The secret his wife could not hide from him when she was asleep. His happiness was now marred. He was wretched, and miserable as he was wretched. In sullen silence he kept his suspicion locked in his own breast awaiting developments. His wife during the time was exceedingly attentive, and appeared to be the happiest of wives; but to his suspicious mind, it was all put on to blind him more effectively.

"Captiousness and jealousy are easily offended; and to him who studiously looks for an affront, every mode of behavior will supply it."—*Johnson*.

There was a rival somewhere, and the more he tried to find who it was, the more jealous he became; every little kindness that his wife showed him; every step she took to lighten his burdens, was only instigated by her desire to hide from him her guilty plans. He could not rest easy for a moment. The fire within was growing hotter and hotter, as the days of his wretchedness were prolonged.

in the agony of suspense. A day came for his wife to visit with an old school mate. He welcomed her departure with fiendish delight. Like every jealous husband, when left at home alone, he went in for turning the house upside down. He lost no time in ransacking it from top to bottom. Not a closet, trunk or drawer escaped his notice. The skeleton was there, and he was bound to find it, before he stopped, and before his wife returned. At last he discovered a little drawer in a stand in his wife's toilet room, locked. It holds the secret. He remembered seeing his wife lock it before she left and put the key in her pocket. He was so impatient he could hardly wait to find some means of opening the drawer. He found a key that fitted the lock, and quickly the contents were before him. A bundle nicely tied up caught his attention. Hastily he broke it open. It contained a score or more of letters in a gentleman's hand writing; genuine love letters addressed to "my heart's idol." The writer was deeply in love and poured out his expressions of devotion in glowing language. He offers his hand to his adored, and is accepted. He is extremely anxious to have the happy day named early, when they should be one. Each letter closed with "yours till we meet again." A simple initial letter was all there was for signature. The husband read them over hastily and learned that a consummation of their plans was soon to be realized. A casket containing costly jewels with the engagement ring was also found bearing the same initial letter, and that initial letter was first in his wife's name. The solution of the whole mystery flashed upon his excited brain. The talking of his wife in her sleep, was now fully explained. It was simply rehearsing the plans that had been laid to destroy his peace and darken his home, and to ruin it. The apparent affection and devotion of his wife for him was all assumed to blind him, and conceal her false-heartedness. She was keeping up the deception until all was ready for an elopement, or perhaps to put him out of the way. He was now mad, and his madness knew no bounds. The thought that he had lavished his wealth, his all, on a wife who was a base deceiver, a hypocrite, goaded him to a wild frenzy, to desperation. He paced the floor back and forth, in a transport of rage. He dreaded to have his wife return. If she would never darken his door again he would be satisfied. She *might go and enjoy her new found alliance.* He could endure being

alone a hundred times better than to live in suspense with a wife who was false-hearted, and who was carrying on an intrigue, the result of which he knew nothing, or even what his own fate might be. At evening time his wife returned, and came skipping along up the walk like a school girl who had secured 100 per cent. on examination day, and had won the prize, and was impatient to tell of it, happy as she could be. The husband had cooled down somewhat from the high state of excitement he had been in most of the day, and put on the appearance of being glad to see his wife at home once more. The wife embraced him most lovingly, and giving him a hearty kiss, as usual, said she had enjoyed her visit exceedingly well. She took pleasure in telling how she had lived over her school days at Vassar, and enjoyed the pleasure of hearing how her friend had spent the time since they had graduated, and of her marriage and her happy home, and of her children, all so nice. The wife added, "No home so happy as ours, is there darling?" So the evening passed. They retired as usual. The wife imparted the good-night kiss, and was soon fast asleep. The husband couldn't sleep. As the strongest love becomes the bitterest hate when reversed, so now the husband hated his wife with all the intensity of his being. The wife never awoke from her peaceful slumbers. The news of her sudden demise sent a pang of grief to the hearts of her friends and neighbors.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Why death should have entered the happiest home in the city and carried away a young wife in the flush of health, the idol of a doting husband, the sunlight of his home, was past comprehension. An inexplicable mystery—a mystery of mysteries. She was too good for earth and the angels came for her. The golden gates were ajar and she passed through. What a blessing to die as she died, falling asleep on earth to awake in paradise. Great sympathy was expressed for the husband. "He is overcome." "He is all broken down." "His grief is too deep for expression."

A day or two after the funeral a young lady, in deep mourning, called on the husband. She had been a classmate of his wife at Vassar, and they had kept up correspondence ever since they graduated. In fact, she had spent two weeks with her during his absence. *She was as dear to her as an own sister. She could sympathize*

with him. She, too, had been smitten with a greater sorrow, if that were possible. She had been engaged to a young man of fine accomplishments and of very prepossessing appearance. She expected to have been married. The time had been set for the wedding. "No one ever looked forward with brighter hopes or fonder anticipations than I did. My cup of happiness was full and running over. I was busy one day in arranging the sitting-room, singing as usual, and happy as a lark. A newspaper lay on the floor. I took it up, and as I did so my eye caught "Wedding Bells." The name of my intended was the principal, the bridegroom. The paper fell from my hands and I sank to the floor. I was unconscious until the next day, and when I returned to consciousness I found, as you can see, that one-half of my hair had turned white during the night. The shock to my system was too much for me. My friends have done all they could for me. I couldn't find rest at home and have traveled much of the time since. Some have advised me to sue for a breach of promise, but I have no desire to do that. The thought of going into court, and to live over again all I have passed through, is utterly abhorrent. There is not money enough in the world to heal a broken heart or bring back happiness. When I was visiting here with your wife, in your absence, I confided to her care a package of letters and a casket of jewels containing the engagement ring. I asked your wife to read the letters at her leisure, and then write me if I was mistaken as to the writer's having accepted me as his intended wife. Your wife wrote me several letters since your return, and she expressed herself very freely that I was certainly justified in considering that we were engaged. She felt great sympathy for me, and said that night after night, for weeks, she was reading over those letters in her sleep. She became so much excited over them that she would not have been surprised if her husband had told her that she "talked" in her sleep. I left the letters with her to do what she pleased with them after she had read them. She may have burned them. If she did, I shall be glad. If she did not, possibly you may discover them, now that you are breaking up housekeeping. I would like to know that they are destroyed."

A thunder-clap from a clear sky at mid-day could not have startled him more. The secret flashed upon him instantly why his wife

had "talked" in her sleep. Ten thousand needles could not have pierced his heart as conscience was now piercing his soul through and through. He is now a fugitive from justice, fleeing and none pursuing. He cannot rest. He knows the stamp of Cain is upon his forehead, and that he cannot escape from that lynx-eyed fiend—a victim of that demon, JEALOUSY.

"Jealousy often draws after it a fatal train of consequences."—*Addison*.

PURPOSE.

THE MATERIAL WORLD SHOWS IT.

Everything was created for a purpose. The Creator has made nothing in vain. No mistakes mar his plans and purposes. Which ever way we look, whether earthward or heavenward, we see ourselves surrounded on every hand by the grand display of His creative power. The psalmist says, "For I am fearfully and wonderfully made." The earth is but an atom in the vast universe of worlds and systems of worlds that are hung up in the heavens. Each system and its worlds are linked to some other systems. The flaming orbs, the fiery chariots sweeping around in their orbits with a velocity and precision that surpasses the comprehension of finite minds, display the infinite power of Him who spake and it was done. A world leaped forth from chaos and went on its mission, and it moves in harmony with every other world in its own system, showing a design, a plan, a purpose, in the mind of the Divine Architect. What order and regularity marks the revolution of every planet. With perfect time each keeps and performs its revolutions, so that the astronomer can determine to the fraction of a minute, centuries in advance, the eclipses that will occur. The grand planetary combination moves slowly, steadily, silently and surely, accomplishing a sublime purpose. The hand on Time's dial moves forward a point, which marks an epoch, and may register the work of centuries, perhaps a million of years. Our

earth is in itself a marvel—a mystery; yet it is but an atom in the vast universe of which it is a part. The earth is made up of atoms, every one stamped for a purpose by the hand of the Creator. Every drop of water, every grain of sand, sparkles with a divine inspiration and for a purpose. Each are fulfilling a mission with unerring certainty. Nothing in Nature is idle. Nothing is in absolute rest. Nature with all her forces is ever active. The changes and transformations, the great upheavals of islands and continents, the rising and falling of vast bodies of water, changing the earth's surface from fertile fields to seas, and *vice versa*, are but the results of the constant and continued activity that is ever manifest in Nature's vast workshop.

The coal we use for fuel is but the storing away of the sunshine of centuries, perhaps millions of years ago. The vivifying rays of the sun fell upon the moist ground, causing a rank growth of grasses and other prolific vegetation, weighted down with the immense pressure of mountains piled upon mountains and baked over subterranean fires, and the coal fields are the product. The oil with which we illuminate our homes is from nature's vast distillery hid away in earth's secret chambers.

PURPOSES INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO FINITE MINDS.

We are lost in amazement and our minds become bewildered when we attempt to solve the mysteries of the earth upon which we dwell. The vast treasures of mineral wealth hidden away in the mountains were not the work of accident, or blind chance, but were placed there for a purpose. That purpose was for the development of the human race to a broader and higher type of manhood, of civilization, and science has made them available and valuable for the accomplishment of the grandest results and the highest purposes of life. However well one may be able to read the book of nature, there are mysteries in creation which baffle the most gigantic intellects. The microscope reveals mysteries past all human comprehension. We can take up a million particles of dust between our thumb and finger, soft as silk, and valuable for its superior adaptability for polishing gold and silver, yet one atom of this dust is a single shell, once the dwelling place of an insect, *perfectly organized life*, perfect in its class and order as an elephant

in his class and order. Yet that insignificant insect, of so minute proportions, was created for a purpose as grand and sublime in its sphere as that of the whale in his sphere.

Where is the end of the mysteries, as matter is divided and subdivided, *ad infinitum*! However far down the scale we may attempt to carry our investigations, we cannot find an end. We cannot prescribe the limits, the bounds beyond which the Almighty ceases to exert His power. So far as we can penetrate, we find life, and that life actively working and accomplishing its part in carrying forward the grand purposes of its creation. We look up to the starry heavens—we find no idleness there. Every star and every planet has a work to do, a duty to perform. Those vast worlds, swinging in the heavens, never stand still. Each in its sphere fulfills its mission. For everything created there was a grand purpose.

“ Planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Whirling unshaken through the void immense.”

We stand on the dividing line between two worlds. If we look upward we are overwhelmed with the grandeur and magnitude of the celestial kingdoms; if we look downward we are equally amazed at the wonders of earth. We are surrounded with mysteries which ever way we turn our thoughts. The small things bear an important part in the working out of the plans of the Infinite mind. All are controlled and guided by Him, bringing to pass His purposes and plans as conceived before the world began. These considerations should be an inspiration for us, that we may have aims worthy of the highest efforts we can put forth; to make our purposes in life worthy of the high and exalted position we occupy in this world, in truth but a step below Deity. The human race is but the consummation, and the finishing touches of the link between heaven and earth, and mankind has every possible inducement held out to inspire to noble purposes, to work to an end which shall bring to it ample reward for every effort made.

GREATNESS IN SMALL THINGS.

The least things that come to our notice may be the means of accomplishing the greatest results. It is by having our eyes and ears open to the faintest indications of good, that we shall be able

to do well our part in this busy world. It is only by paying the closest attention to the signs of the times that we can make available the opportunities that await us.

A lonely traveler, tired and weary, laid himself down on the barren sands of the great Sahara desert to die. Sick, helpless and alone, he mourned over his sad and lonely condition. He had looked in every direction, hoping some caravan or some wild Arab even might appear and rescue him from death, all in vain. No moving object could be discovered on that barren waste. He was in hopeless despair. Not a soul to soothe his last moments or listen to his farewell words for friends far away. Just then his eyes caught sight of a little flower that was blooming near by in the sand. He thought, if God cared for that little flower on that vast desert, surely he would care for him, and would not let him perish there. That little flower was the means of saving the life of the traveler. It was a fresh inspiration to him to hope and not give up, and it saved his life. Mungo Park lived to bless the little flower that bloomed alone on that sandy desert for him. The winds had borne a seed along a thousand miles and dropped it in the sand for a purpose. It saved a life.

Nature is ever preaching sermons to those who will listen to them. And it is by heeding the little things that any purpose in life can be made a success, and worthy of the concentrated efforts of one's entire being. It is all contained in one word—PURPOSE! What is *your* purpose?

ITS NECESSITY FOR A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

The world was not created and fitted for the habitation of man simply for him to live therein—to exist—devoid of all incentive to develop body or mind. It is an entirely wrong conception of his mission for man to shape his conduct upon the motto of the sensualist, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Nature supports no idlers in her realm. The human family is under a law which declares labor and activity a necessity, and all working by some plan for the accomplishment of a well-defined purpose. Every person should settle it in his mind as early as possible what his *purpose is to be*. A man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder or helm. There is no position in life which exempts any

one from the necessity of having a well defined purpose. Birth-right, however exalted it may be, guarantees to no one an exemption from this proper rule. Men who have reached the highest position in the gift of a nation do not have a life lease of the office. Four years is a brief period to hold office. Two Presidents have died within a month after their inauguration to the office of the chief executive of the United States. Wealth does not give satisfactory security to any one. The fate of millionaires, who were made beggars in a night by the great fire of Chicago, should be a warning to every young person not to be satisfied with prospective wealth, and therefore make no efforts to an independent life.

The most miserable and unsatisfying life to live seems to us to be that which has no purpose as its aim. Dreaming out an existence affords no substantial good. Thousands of people are like two dogs that were put on board of the cars with their tickets tied to their collars. The first night on the train each dog ate up the other dog's ticket. The train men didn't know where the dogs were to go, neither did the dogs know where was their destination; and so it is with a vast number of young people. They don't know where they are going. We have sometimes, while traveling on the Mississippi river, seen an object floating along with the current. On inquiring of the captain what it was, we would learn it was only a "floater," the body of some unfortunate person who had lost his life by drowning. Only a *floater*, for whom nobody cares. How well this describes the life of many a young lady. She is only a floater, floating down stream, on to the gulf, to be swallowed up in the great ocean of eternity. Only a floater! If you have no well-defined purpose for which you are living, you are like the dead man in the water, floating with the current. Steamers do not stop to pick up floaters. They are of no value to them. A dead body is not sought after by people at large. It is of no use. It is a burden that is not sought after with pleasure, when not bound by ties of kindred. No one wants a living body even, which is dead to all noble impulses, and living a purposeless life.

"The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to *kill and divide and sell oxen well*; but have a purpose, and, *having*

it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."—*Thomas Carlyle*.

THE GRAND RESULTS ATTAINABLE.

The grandeur of a human life cannot be summed up until that life has been completed, and final results can never be fully comprehended. The influence of the good works accomplished by a single individual, is beyond all human computation. There are no scales in this world with which to weigh the good or bad deeds of a person. The individual dies, but his work lives. There are no bounds to the limits of human influence. Once taking form, it progresses indefinitely, reaching down through all the ages.

The influence of the life-work of the founder of the young ladies' Seminary, at Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts—Mary Lyon—will never cease. It has already been felt around the world. There is not a dark corner where a ray from the light of her influence has not fallen. Other institutions in this country and other countries—even at Constantinople, in Turkey—have been established upon the plan of the one at Mount Holyoke. Miss Fidelia Fiske was a pupil of Mary Lyon, and she gave her life to the women of Persia. Fifteen years of unremitting toil she consecrated to that mission, and died a martyr to her life purpose. Her work, who can measure that! When and where will its influence cease! Mary Lyon lived a grand life because she had a grand purpose to accomplish, and that was the higher education of young women. She concentrated and consecrated her talents, her entire being, to the accomplishment of her chosen work. And so long as that institution continues to carry out the purpose for which it was founded, so long will the spirit and influence of Mary Lyon dwell within its enclosure. No graduate will ever pass from its walls without bearing away some of the spirit and inspiration of its noble founder. Wherever they may go, they will carry with them an influence, which is to shape and mould the lives of those with whom they will associate. Mary Lyon lives to influence thousands of other lives. There will be no limit to the work accomplished by Miss Fiske in Persia. She lived to see the fruition of a grand purpose, because she had a grand *purpose to live for*. A noble life comes from having a well defined *purpose in view*, and then striving for its attainment.

A grand life is not the offspring of chance or accident. It is the result of a well devised plan in the outset, and then in carrying out the plan with courage and persistence. You may plan ever so well, and if you fail to develop the plan, your life will be a grand failure—as every life is which has no purpose as its aim. No life can be a successful or a happy one without a well-defined purpose. Simply to exist will afford no substantial good. A purposeless life is a failure, a blank, a fruitless existence, and goes out in darkness. No mark is left to indicate that such people have ever lived, simply because the world has not been made the better for their living in it.

A purposeless life is not a sinless life; far from it. It is a sin to neglect the cultivation of one's talents, to fail to improve one's time, and in not making a wise use of one's opportunities. The daily thread of our life is so interwoven with that of every other life which comes within the radius of our influence, that it is utterly impossible for us to divest ourselves of human responsibility. And it is for the right influences we do or do not exert that we shall be held accountable.

"Behold the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over and the night cometh when no man can work.

"The night once come, our happiness our unhappiness, it is all abolished, vanished, clean gone, a thing that has been. But our work, behold it remains, or the want of it remains; for endless time and eternity remains, and that is the sole question with us forevermore! What has been done and *how*?"—*Carlyle*.

It is useless and vain to wait for a grand opportunity to commence to do. "Time and tide wait for no man."

"HINTS.

"Two thirsty travelers chanced one day to meet
Where a spring bubbled from the burning sand;
One drank out of the hollow of his hand,
And found the water very cool and sweet.

"The other waited for a smith to beat
And fashion for his use a golden cup;
And while he waited, fainting in the heat,
The sunshine came and drank the fountain up!"

—*Alice Cary*.

Neither rank or wealth will guarantee to any one ultimate success, or save him from a miserable failure. There is nothing absolutely sure in this life. All are liable to the storms and tempests that often sweep across life's sea. Many a bark is at the mercy of the storm. The staunchest rigged vessel often goes down. The man who to-day counts his wealth by millions may to-morrow be homeless and at the mercy of a servant. Positions and places of honor are not perpetual. The emoluments of office don't last forever. A young lady living without a well-defined purpose is liable to be sorely disappointed.

"What reward have I then for all my labor? What reward? A large, comprehensive soul, purged from vulgar fear and prejudices, able to interpret the works of man and God. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. The most characteristic mark of a great mind is to choose some one object which it considers important, and pursue that object through life. If we expect the purchase, we must pay the price."—*Mrs. Barbould.*

"The things which we enjoy are passing, and we are passing who enjoy them."—*Leighton.*

WHICH WAS THE BETTER?

For years there lived a noted person in a brown stone house on one of the most fashionable avenues of New York city. The house was a model of convenience, was elegantly furnished, and kept in the most superb style. The occupant lived sumptuously. No luxury that money could command was ever lacking. There was no anxiety as to the possibility of the fountain of wealth running dry, for it was fed by streams that never have failed, and that probably never will fail. The bank credit account was ever on the right side of the ledger. However, there came a dark day, and its shadow rested upon that elegant palace of a home. More than one *skeleton* in the closet had been discovered. It brought the occupant very suddenly and unexpectedly to grief. All the happiness within fled, and the most fearful forebodings filled the mind of that occupant. *The revelation was so overwhelming and terrible that it resulted in the death of the proprietor by suicide. Do you ask why such a*

paradise of a home in appearance should have been so suddenly draped with the mantle of death. The stern arm of the law had been evoked, and its power was being felt. The occupant was charged with wholesale murder, and the day of trial had come. Rather than face an earthly judge, a change of venue was taken to a higher tribunal, where justice will be meted out with unerring certainty, and where no bribed witnesses can testify, or corrupt judges wink at crime; a court where the victims themselves will testify in their own behalf against one of the most notoriously bad characters that ever disgraced womanhood; for the wholesale murder of unborn innocents, for causing the death, also, of a great many young women, while those who escaped immediate death at her hands, lived but to suffer untold miseries. They will be the witnesses that will confront her at that tribunal. The facts of her crimes had become well known, and as there was no possibility of her escaping the horrid revelations and consequent punishment for her nefarious business, before an earthly tribunal, she took the last and only resort left her to avoid the exposure to an outraged public, by having her case removed to the *Supreme* court—the court of Heaven. Webster once said, in a celebrated murder trial, that “Suicide is confession.” Death at her own hands was a confession, for the dead were found in her house.

Look at another life. A few days ago the matron of the “Home of the Friendless,” of Chicago, resigned on account of illness. The next day she died. The directors of the institution were called together to express their profound sorrow over the death of their late matron, a lady who had managed the “Home” as it had never been managed before. Resolutions were passed, extolling her remarkable executive ability, and her special adaptability to control and harmonize the discordant elements necessarily to be found in such an institution. It was unanimously agreed that their late matron had no equal, that she was incomparably superior to any lady that they had ever known, and that “*her place could not be filled.*”

Look at the two characters, and their life work. Each were well known in their special calling. Each had a life purpose, and were carrying out their plans; yet diametrically opposite in character; as far asunder as mid-day sunlight is from midnight blackness. *One was devoting all her energies to save life, while the other was*

equally active in its destruction. Each continued to practice her calling until death cut short her labors. Each will live in the memories of those who had occasion to make their acquaintance. One class will have no kindly feelings, no gratitude, no satisfaction in reviewing past associations; while the little waifs, who never knew a mother's love, will remember with infinite satisfaction, their foster-mother. Her genial countenance, her loving words of sympathy, will linger in grateful memory, while life shall continue, never to be obliterated. Many a boy will honor that mother by noble deeds, by a life that will reflect credit upon himself, and the world will be made the better for his having lived in it. What a terrible gulf separates the two characters and their life purposes. How does the New York woman's life-work compare with that of Mary Lyon, or that of Fidelia Fiske? Miss Fiske's work was in lifting up the women of Persia from their low and degraded condition, and pointing them to a higher and a better life. The New York woman, by her bold and reckless advertising of her nefarious business, was tempting the unwary to sin, that she might swim in wealth, by the miseries of the fallen; thus degrading womanhood, ruining her health, her character, her happiness, forever. A terrible curse to humanity is every one who lives for so vile a purpose.

BUILDING AIR CASTLES.

Some young people, young ladies especially, occupy much of their time in building air castles. They construct them upon the most extensive scale, but before they get one completed, however, they abandon their original plan, and take up a new design, and so they are continually changing. These castles usually are very extensive in dimensions, are finished in the most elaborate manner, and furnished superbly. For completeness and magnificence they are far better than was ever before conceived or constructed.

"Fame, honor, glory, have in the prospect pleasing illusions."—*Steele*.

A lively imagination is wonderfully prolific in forming plans for the future. The material is cheap and ever-abundant, and of such are air castles constructed. But unfortunately for all such castle builders, there is too much air in the material with which they propose to erect their castles.

The essential part of any building is a firm foundation, upon which to erect the superstructure; otherwise it will fall, and great will be the fall of it. There are so many contingencies in connection with the most elaborately laid plans, that the breaking of a link in the chain often destroys the structure. We have never learned of any person having occupied an air castle of their own building, and such being the inevitable result of all visionary schemes, it does not pay to waste one's time in air castle building. It is a profitless investment of time.

Build your castle on a solid foundation—on the rock—and it will last for all time. The storms and tempests may howl and shriek in vain around your well-built structure, because you had a purpose when you laid the foundation, as every wise builder has, and that is what makes every purpose a success.

We once heard of a young lady who said when she was married she was going to the opera every night. We think she was building a castle upon a wrong foundation. Her enjoyment of classic music might be commendable, and preferred perhaps to the choice of the Missouri girl, who said that she had rather dance than to eat molasses candy.

Remember this, that if you spend your best days—the spring-time of life—in building air castles, you will have, in the winter of life, a cold and cheerless castle for your dwelling place. The doors will be unhung, the windows will be paneless, the floors will be treacherous, storms will beat through the roof, and come in at the doorway and demoralized windows; the larder will be scantily supplied, hunger and want will be ever-present companions, to gnaw and goad the disconsolate and unfortunate castle builder, and will never be satisfied. The legend ever present upon the walls will read, "Disappointment." Such a dreary abode will afford no comfort, no enjoyment, no rest. The bed will not be one of ease, whereby to enjoy nature's balmy sleep; its stead will be of iron, its mattress and pillow will be filled with thorns, the covering will be too short and too narrow to wrap one's self in for protection against the cold and pitiless storms, that will beat around the empty shell of the unfortunate castle builder, when the "winter of discontent" will not be made "glorious summer." Nothing can be sadder than to see one who has spent his time in building air castles, at last, in old age, find them untenable, the fitting result of a purposeless life.

WHO IS YOUR LEADER?

In military discipline, soldiers are required to obey orders. In some of the tactics a soldier must follow in the steps of his file leader. In the ordinary affairs of life it may be necessary and wise to follow a leader; but it is often of the utmost importance that one shall know well the character of the person whom he may choose for a pattern. If you should select a character which you considered worthy of following, and should follow it without knowing whither it was leading, you would incur a risk which no prudent person would dare assume. Many persons have talents in certain directions which the world applauds; while on the other hand, their habits and real character may be very objectionable and corrupt. As a rule, men who have remarkable gifts in a certain direction are very weak and wanting in good sense as to the ordinary affairs of life. Persons of this class act as though they were privileged individuals, with the right to do as they please, because the masses are ever ready to clap their hands and extol them for their proficiency in their profession. This unfortunate characteristic exhibits itself especially among politicians, actors, and sometimes clergymen fall into the habit of a free-and-easy way of doing business, and ask the community to wink at their idiosyncrasies. All such incongruities are absurd, and those who practice them are not "model" characters to follow. Position, talent or wealth exempt no one from keeping their obligations sacred, no more than it does the humblest individual in the community. Hundreds are ready to laud a genius and whitewash his crimes. An eccentric character is too erratic for a life pattern. If you must have a leader know that leader well, and know where he is leading before placing unlimited confidence in him. Persons who follow in the footsteps of others are often led into very unpleasant and ludicrous predicaments, if nothing more. Some persons have as little sense as a sheep, and follow a leader blindly. A flock of sheep were being driven through a city. A man happened to be crossing the street just ahead of the flock. The old leader of the flock, instead of stopping to let the man pass, leaped over his head, and every one of the flock leaped with him. *reached* the spot where the first one leaped over the man, *there was nothing to leap for.* But such a blind way of following a leader does not always prove a safe or wise thing to do.

of sheep were being driven across a London bridge over the Thames. When about half way over, the old ring-leader of the flock concluded he wouldn't go any farther on the bridge, and so he leaped over the railing. Every sheep in that flock of several hundred followed their leader, and all were drowned. Many young ladies, as well as young men, have followed so closely in the footsteps of some chosen leader as to bring themselves to an untimely grave. Not as suddenly as the sheep ended their lives, perhaps, but have had long years of the bitterest reflections to endure for their unwise choice of a leader. When one is once started on the wrong road it is very hard to get right again. There is no going back to start anew. The past is beyond all reach. The indellible stamp of every action, be it good or bad, has been affixed, and there is no removing it. An old hag once undertook to bleach out a little colored girl to make her white, but it was death to the little girl. It is equally impossible to bleach out the stains of a sinful life, and make a spotless character, free from the scars of past transgressions. Sin, like cancer, eats down deep into the fountains of life, and no panacea has yet been discovered that will remove such blemishes once made.

An Arabian princess was presented by her teacher with an ivory casket, exquisitely wrought, with the instruction not to open it until the year rolled around. Many were the speculations as to what it contained, and the time impatiently waited for when the jewelled key should disclose the mysterious contents. It came at last, and the maiden went away alone, and with trembling haste unlocked the treasure; and lo! reposing upon a delicate satin lining, lay nothing but a shroud of rust; the form of something beautiful could be discerned, but the beauty had gone forever. Tearful with disappointment, she did not at first see a slip of parchment, containing these words: "Dear Pupil—May you learn from this a lesson for your life. This trinket, when enclosed, had upon it a single spot of rust; by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold, only a blot on its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character will, by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time will leave only the dark record of what might have been. If you now place within a jewel of gold, and after many years seek the result, you will find it as sparkling as ever. So with yourself; treasure up only the pure, the good, and

you will ever be an ornament to society, and a source of true pleasure to yourself and to your friends."

Young persons are sometimes inclined to the stage, yet so far as we have been able to learn, not one of the leading actors or actresses will recommend young people to choose their profession for a life work. Those actors who have children have invariably said "No," when asked if they were going to educate them for the stage. No profession has so great a fascination to some young persons. Very few, however, escape the demoralizing influences of its surroundings. In no profession are the passions wrought up to such a tension. The bitterest hate and jealousy, personified on the stage becomes a reality with an actor when brought into a rivalry with some other actor. The rival must be overcome, annihilated, killed off. When it comes to throwing oil vitrol in the face of a rival, and burning out his eyes, it shows how terrible is the spirit engendered and the cruelty which it delights to inflict, without the least remorse. It is not a worthy purpose to choose a profession which must in the end prove a very unsatisfying one; when some new star will lead, and then it is to take a back seat, and the thirst for applause remains unsatisfied, and unhappiness will embitter the remainder of life. Young ladies of fine culture have been infatuated with the circus ring, and eloped with some clown to learn the mysteries of the saw-dust profession. Who is your chosen leader?

There are grand lives, however, that we can look up to, through all the years from the days of Queen Esther to the present, and learn lessons of wisdom; the record of lives from which we can gain inspiration, and safely take pattern.

"Lives of all great men remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."

—Longfellow.

There have been heroines in all the ages of the past, and there are grand lives among the living women of to-day. It is not always those who are written up in glowing terms in the public press

that are doing the greatest good in the world. Many a grand life is passed comparatively out of sight and unknown. Such a life was that of Baroness Bunsen. We would recommend every one of our readers to study her memoirs. They are a rich legacy to every young lady who has a purpose worthy of the loftiest ambition, and will inspire to true womanhood.

The great wheel that drives a thousand looms in the great cotton mill is out of sight. In its majestic power, silently it sends its influence through all the varied and complicated machinery. It is the little wheels that make the noise and clatter. So it is with many a grand life. It is not in public view, but its influence is felt, and is ever widening. Death alone can reveal the power of a well-rounded life. When the great wheel stops, then all the little wheels stop. Then it is that the light of one's life and influence begins to be realized; when it shines like the stars above us, and will so shine until the stars become cold, or are blotted out of the heavens.

During the late war there were hundreds, thousands of women, North and South, who made their lives sublime by their self-sacrifices and heroic devotion to the sick, the wounded, and the dying soldier on the field, where shot and shell fell like hail around them. Alone, unprotected by either friend or foe, they remained to administer to the wants of the fallen. In the hospital, wherever there was a sick soldier, they were there. Neither the terrors of the burning and blistering sands of a southern coast or its malarial swamps, the over-crowded transports with their sick, wounded and dying, or the pestilential hospitals, could keep them from performing the most sacred duty that ever fell to human hands to perform. No mother ever gave more ceaseless care to a darling child than these heroines gave to the objects of their loving attentions. They watched day and night, in sleepless vigils, around the couches of those whose lives were trembling on the verge of the grave. To many a dying "drummer boy" they listened for the farewell message to be sent to the loved ones at home. They never shrank from the most hazardous and unpleasant duties of the field or camp. They never quailed or stood aghast at the dangers that confronted them. At the post of duty assigned them, there they remained. Some perished on the field, many returned with broken constitutions to suffer like their illustrious sister over the water, Florence

Nightingale. Of these it can be well said, in the words of Longfellow in his "Saint Florentina":

"And soon, as if a dream of bliss
The stretchers sufferer turned to kiss
Her shadow as it pale
Lies on the guttering wale."

Thousands lived to bless these noble, self-sacrificing women, and will cherish while life lasts the sweetest memories of those angels of mercy. Who were these persons who volunteered their services for the most unengaging and unpleasant duties of ministering to the wants of the sick and the wounded soldiers? Were they outcasts of society, illiterate, poverty-stricken individuals, who had no honest calling, no profession, no home, who enlisted in the Woman's Sanitary Commission corps to be sent wherever there was the greatest suffering and the most danger? Far from it. The applicants came from the most respectable families in the land. Very many of them were living in homes that were but little less than palaces. Never having known a want, or what it was to labor for bread, their homes, their social standing, all were sacrificed in response to that divine chord that ever responds to human sympathy. Among the list was Miss Emily E. Parsons, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the daughter of Prof. Parsons, of Harvard Law School. She, like Florence Nightingale, foresaw the need of educated nurses, and at once put herself under the instruction of a distinguished physician. She entered the Massachusetts General Hospital as a pupil, and thereby fitted herself for the most important duties of a hospital nurse. She accomplished a vast amount of good by her indefatigable labors in the sanitary service. Miss Clara Barton, daughter of the late Judge Barton, of Worcester, Mass., was remarkably efficient. Miss Mary J. Safford, of Illinois, was one of the first, if not the very first, woman who went into the army camps and hospitals in the country. She furnished many of the necessities of the work with her own means. She was in the advance at Pittsburg Landing, and boat load after boat load of suffering soldiers she accompanied to Cairo, St. Louis, and other places. The dying soldiers, who did not know her by name, called her the "Cairo Angel." No hardships, or privations, or dangers, could quench her love and devotion for the sick or dying soldier. The young ladies we have named

were highly accomplished, were graduates of well-known institutions of learning, and were not drawn into the service for love of adventure, but by the purest and truest impulses that ever inspired a human soul. They ruined their health, and were deprived of much of the pleasures of an earthly existence, but their good deeds will live long after the monuments that may be erected over their graves shall have crumbled into dust and be scattered to the four winds of heaven. Were their lives worth living? Were they purposeless lives?

There are other illustrious women who likewise bore a grand part in the sanitary work of the war—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Frances E. Willard, and hundreds we could name. Miss Willard is now engaged in a noble work in the temperance field. She has rare gifts, and will excel in whatever sphere she may choose to labor. Wherever she goes, North or South, she is an ever-welcome visitor. She, with every true heroine of the past or present, lives for a *purpose*, and success follows her labors.

"It is the lives, like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look, and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage. No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—*Phillips Brooks*.

THE VANITY OF A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

"She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

A life devoted solely to pleasure, be it ever so innocent, in itself yields no substantial good in the end, but rather the reverse, for the day will come when pleasure will cease to be pleasure, when those things which once afforded enjoyment, and were sought after with eagerness, and entered into with zest, will be looked back upon as an idle tale, like a passing dream. To the votaries of pleasure the time will come when, like the wise man of old, they will exclaim, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Some may be compelled, in the bitterness of soul, to cry out, "Woe is me, for I am undone." It is the final result of any course, which will demonstrate whether it

was a wise one or not. It is the fruit that determines the value of the tree. One may plant a tree, the fruit of which may prove to be worthless, or it may prove to be of the most deadly character. However, there is no law which compels a tree planter to eat the fruit which may grow on the tree he plants. There is, however, an inexorable law of nature which holds every person responsible for the result of his acts, be they good or bad, and there is no higher court to which an appeal can be taken; therefore, the verdict cannot be set aside or reversed. If we sin against our body, ruin our health, break down our constitution, whether by good or evil deeds, the physical law having been violated, there is no escape from the punishment therefor. If we waste our time and neglect to use our talents to the best advantage, we must sometime see the folly of such an unwise course, and mourn at last over wasted opportunities, when mourning will not avail.

“Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell.”

A notorious courtesan living in Brooklyn, New York, was returning one cold winter's night to her house from a midnight carousal. The driver of her carriage was unable to control the cold and frantic horses, and on turning a corner he was thrown from the coach. The horses dashed at a fearful rate down the steep declivity leading to the river. The woman, in her terror, screamed for help, but at that late hour, on that cold winter's night, there was none to help, or none that could save her from that perilous ride. On rushed the horses in their mad career down the hill to a wharf, and leaped into the water. Horses and carriage went to the bottom, and the occupant to her long home across that other dark river—the river of death. “She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.”

“Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead,
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.”

A SAD END.

A young lady, of good education and prepossessing appearance, married a most excellent young man in good circumstances. The wife was fond of company, and enjoyed having a good time, and

cared for nothing else, while the husband was a quiet, unassuming man, and preferred the pleasures of home life to the whirl of fashionable entertainments, with all their emptiness and shams. The wife, however, could not content herself to remain at home while there was an opportunity elsewhere for giddy pleasure. Her fondness for social parties made her always welcome. The libertine and seducer are never absent in promiscuous assemblies. The wife falls into the snares set for her feet, and soon becomes known as being "fast." She deserts her husband and her pleasant home, and is soon on the down grade. In turn she is deserted by her gay companions. She sinks lower and lower, until at last she reaches the lowest grade possible to reach in human existence. Her constitution a wreck; her character ruined forever; sick, friendless, and in poverty, the most abandoned desert her. In a hovel upon a public street she sees passing her door and hears the footsteps of those who were once proud to be her escort to the social party, and to take her hand to lead off in the dance. Now they scorn a recognition, and pass by on the other side. The bitter cup is yet to be drained to the very dregs. All her beauty and charms had vanished; the vilest of the vile forsake her, and she at last lies down to die on a hard bed, one of her own making. What sad reflections must have been hers as she reviewed her past life, tracing it back step by step to the day when she assumed the marriage vows, and became a happy bride; the pleasant home which was prepared for her with loving hands, the many congratulations of friends, a husband's devotion. What a retrospection! A paradise of a home compared with this miserable hovel, the dwelling place of rats and spiders. What companions! No one comes to minister to her comfort, to solace her sad and lonely condition. No tear of sympathy falls for her, for there are none to weep. Abandoned alike by the pure and the vile, she now must meet death alone. For three days and nights her door was not darkened by the presence of a visitor. An old colored woman, who had occasionally performed some work for her, enters the hovel, to find that death had preceded her. The body is hurriedly placed in a pine box, and deposited in the potter's field. What a life to live! All for choosing an unworthy purpose at the start. A miserable failure! Most surely "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." But what a death to die was hers!

Who can paint the horrors and the untold agonies that this woman endured in the last days of her mortal existence! This is not a solitary case; hundreds and thousands have passed through the same sad experience. Ah, now this very moment the air is filled with the sad and bitter wails and lamentations that come from many a hovel, from the dying within.

We ask each one of our readers to read carefully the following extract from that distinguished divine, Dr. Chalmers. It may be a timely admonition to some one. Don't be satisfied to pass it by with once reading, but read it until you learn it by heart, and become thoroughly imbued with its spirit. It may be especially adapted to your present needs. There is a turning point in every one's life. That crisis may be *now* with you. Weigh well and carefully the probabilities, the possibilities, of how it will affect your future should you make a mistake in deciding what shall be your life purpose. Remember this, that if you follow its teachings, your life will not go out in darkness, with none to weep at your demise:

"Live for something. Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O, man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never forget. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven."

Have for your motto, "Higher! forever higher!"

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

—Longfellow.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

"Labor is life! 't is the still water falleth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewalleth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune."

Miss Flora McFlimsey, the young lady who had nothing to wear, was exceedingly unfortunate, but Miss Flora McLimpsey, who has nothing to do, has a greater misfortune to grieve over. She has our sympathy in full measure. If, however, it is the fault of her home education, she is to be pitied. Educated to do nothing, she has nothing to do, and knows just enough to accomplish that to perfection. An over-ambitious mother, perhaps, proposes to make a lady of her daughter, while she herself is a slave to hard work, perhaps from choice and possibly from necessity. We know mothers who are hard workers, always have been, and always will be until they rest in their graves. They possess a wonderful amount of nervous activity, which is constantly propelling them to labor. To stop work would make them miserable, and send them to their graves before their time. Work with them is only a pastime, a luxury.

We remember well a great aunt, who occasionally visited at our home, remaining a few weeks at a time. Although over seventy years of age, she was very active, and it was impossible for her to sit down quietly and content herself. She must have a hand in the household affairs. Accustomed all her life to hard work, she could not be idle. For her to give up work would have been to cease to live. In her early days of married life, her husband built a new house. The chimney was built of rocks from the field, and the wife attended the masons, carried in the stone, and even to the roof, for the finishing of the chimney. She couldn't endure idleness, and wanted no drones about where she was. We have vivid recollections of her and her visits. She would keep us boys hopping about lively. She could always find work for us, even when we were not looking for the article. An empty pail or wood box was very suggestive to her, if not especially attractive to us. She was equally anxious about "them weeds" that might be luxuriating in the onion

bed. Even the antiquated cat had no business to be wasting her time in sleep on the cushioned rocker when there were mice to be caught. The dog must be out on duty to watch things generally, and see that the cows did not break into the fields, or the hogs break out, and to announce arrivals and look out for tramps. Even the hens were reprov'd for idleness, and admonished "not to stand around and do nothing when eggs were worth two bits a dozen; it was a shame." Inanimate things about the house were stirred up generally. Chairs were not allowed to "sit still" for fear they might become fixtures; they had to be moved around, to the discomfort of any who might be in the line of movement. Work was her religion. She had the utmost faith in it as a means of grace. No one could be saved without work. She believed the devil had a mortgage on all idlers, and that he would surely foreclose the mortgage, and there was no redemption thereafter.

WORK A BLESSING.

"Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
 Rest from the petty vexations that meet us;
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
 Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
 Work,—thou shalt ride o'er Care's coming billow;
 Lie not down 'neath Woe's weeping willow,
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!"

To live without employment would be a terrible curse upon the human race. It is utterly impossible to enjoy real comfort or happiness without labor. It is one of the greatest blessings of this life that we can and must work to enjoy living. Solomon said, "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." Thousands do not know the sweet luxury of sleep, or have a keen relish for the food they are compelled to eat to live. It is utterly impossible to enjoy a good dinner, and have it digest well, without daily labor, or exercise of some kind. To play the lady, sit in the parlor, knit a little occasionally, read dime novels and entertain callers, is not very laborious work to some young ladies. When *there is no excitement* they are miserable. Time hangs heavily on *their hands, and they are as disconsolate as they can well be.* Noth-

ing goes to suit them, because they do nothing to make it go any better. They are weary and unhappy all the time.

Perhaps an ambitious mother is anxious to make a lady of one of her daughters. So she is excluded from the kitchen, and not allowed to take any part in the household duties, is cut off from the very exercise that alone affords her an opportunity to develop a healthy body, and paint the cheeks with the bloom of youth and beauty. Bodily exercise is absolutely necessary to make a handsome face and comeliness of person. Every part of the human machine must be kept in good running order, to the end that all the respective functions may be performed properly and well. Such proper exercise as shall every day test the working condition of the machine cannot be overlooked, for the safety of the complicated organization. The horse, to make him graceful and swift in action, is required to undergo the severest discipline every day. It is impossible to develop the horse by any other process of training. The same general laws apply to the human race. So far as relates to the house we live in, it is one and the same with the horse. We are all animals, so far as flesh and blood is concerned.

We sometimes meet persons whom one would suppose, by their exalted notions, did not live on earth or in a "house of clay." They boast that they are not actuated by the low and vulgar passions that common people are influenced by. We have sometimes watched this class of persons, and we have so far noticed, that eventually they have had to come down to the level of common laborers, to "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow." Many a young lady has been educated in the parlor, and afterwards taken in washing to furnish means to keep soul and body together. Some have graduated from the wash-tub to become mistresses of palaces, to ride in fine carriages, attended by full complements of servants. It is better to start in the kitchen and go up, than to go from the parlor down to the wash-tub.

"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

We cannot illustrate our point better than by inserting the following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Garfield to her husband ten years ago. She says:

"I am glad to tell that out of all the toil and disappointment of

the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory; that the silence of thought since you have been away has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the laborer happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself: 'Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by seeing what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves, and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before."

President Garfield's mother, early in her married life, was left a widow with a family of young children, too young to be of help to her in clearing up timber land, where she could grow her corn and potatoes. For years she struggled in poverty to obtain the necessities of life. But with indefatigable zeal and an unconquerable will she determined to never surrender, let come what might. For years she struggled on, until at last she has been permitted to enjoy the highest honors ever conferred on any woman in the world. Contrast her present position with her life forty years ago, when she was clearing up a little farm in Ohio, felling the trees and grubbing out the stumps for a potato patch. How proud to sit upon the platform, and see her son crowned with the highest honors in the gift of a nation; from the little log cabin to the White House, in fact. Does labor disgrace women? Mrs. Garfield's noble spirit of making the best of circumstances is worthy of all praise. If the facts were known we venture the assertion that to Mrs. James A. Garfield, and to Mr. Garfield's grand old mother, is the President of the United States indebted for the position he now occupies. Remember the motto: "There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the laborer happy."

A hard-working mother cannot see that she is cutting off the very best years and the best opportunities of a life-time for her child, by her false ideas of what constitutes a lady. By her so doing she is planting thorns in the path which her daughter will, nine chances out of ten, have to walk over barefooted, and taking upon her own

shoulders all the heavy burdens, and not allowing the daughter to take enough physical exercise to produce a healthy condition of her system. Deprived of proper exercise, she knows not the sweet enjoyment of repose, the luxury of sleep, the relish for food, or the buoyancy of spirit, as stimulated by a healthy action of all the functions of the body. Her brother is put to work, and when there is nothing to do, he works off the accumulated energies or the surplus steam by play. His enjoyment is in running, jumping, climbing the lightning rod, or anything else he can climb, to gratify his lofty ambition. When the breakfast is ready, the son and brother has a splendid appetite, and enjoys it immensely. His sister, Miss Flora McLimpsey, sits down to the table, with no appetite to eat anything. "Nothing tastes good." She sips a little coffee, and then retires to the drawing room, to find support for her poor tired body. So she reclines on the lounge, and is "so tired." The mother cannot see what makes her daughter feel so weary, with no appetite to eat anything. The daintiest dishes have no influence in restoring her relish for food. The mother continues to cut down more and more the opportunities for exercise, so the poor girl grows weaker and weaker every day. And it becomes next to impossible to enjoy a night's repose. The family physician is consulted, and she must take his medicine, even when she is not sick, and when it will not help her a particle. Medicines have no power to cure aches and pains that work alone must cure, if cured at all. Medicines have not the potency to reverse the laws of her being. Weeks of medical treatment prove of no avail. The mother reads flaming advertisements of the wonderful virtues there are in "pads," and the marvelous cures they have accomplished. So the padding process is tried. "Liver pads," "kidney pads," "lung pads," "foot pads," and every other kind of "pad," is bought and applied, excepting a "working pad." But the "pads" fail to restore wasted energies. One might as well have padded a dead man's tombstone. Work is the only remedy that contains any potency. Work, activity, exercise, in some way, is what must be resorted to. The human machine is running down and needs to be wound up. Every separate wheel must be made to move in harmony with every other wheel, so that there shall be no collisions, no damage by the tardiness of any of the parts to come to time in the performance of their respective functions.

NATURE IS NEVER IDLE.

"Pause not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
 Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;
 More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.
 " 'Labor is worship!' the robin is singing;
 'Labor is worship!' the wild bee is ringing;
 Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part."

Nature made no mistake when she placed all her forces under one universal law, and that implies work, ceaseless activity. There is no exception for the human race. It is as utterly impossible to enjoy good health without work as it is to fly. It is surprisingly strange that any mother should entertain the insane notion that work is degrading; that a daughter can not be a lady and work at the same time. Suppose she should educate her son in the same way, what kind of a man would he make. Suppose she should pad him behind and before and on all sides, so that if he fell down he would not be hurt, but would bound up like a rubber ball. Suppose she should never allow him to be out when the weather was either hot or cold, but shut him up in an air-tight room, heated to fever heat, and never allow him to run or jump, or have exercise? The only exercise he would get would be to eat his food. What kind of a man would he grow up to be? What kind of a soldier would he make to cross the Rocky Mountains? We know ladies who must call their husbands or servants to pick up their handkerchiefs from the floor, or lift up a three months old baby. They are as weak as the old man's dog that had to lean against a fence to bark. We know a family of children that were so frail, that if they *fell down standing still*, they would break a limb. Their bones *were as brittle as a pipe-stem*.

A young man was a frequent visitor of a family where there were

three sisters, all of marriageable age. Two of them were always ready to entertain him in the parlor. The other one was never seen only in the kitchen and dining room. The two parlor ornaments each expected she would be the chosen one. But to their dismay the young man selected the kitchen girl for his wife, and he was a sensible young man.

"Rugged strength and radiant beauty,
These were one in Nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty,
These will form the perfect man."

—Mrs. Hale.

WORK AND PLAY.

Read what Dr. Holland writes on "Work and Play." It is a capital illustration of how the boy develops to the strong and vigorous man. Why shouldn't the girl of to-day have the same advantages to develop her physical powers? Certainly no one needs a strong and vigorous body more than a young lady. Her very mission demands it. Dr. Holland says:

"Let us go directly to nature for our first lesson in the meaning and mission of work and play. The boy is born into the world a delicate organism—a soft bundle of brains and nerves, and bones and muscles, and vessels and limbs, without will, and without the power of self-support and self-direction. The first months of his life are passed in a kind of unconscious consciousness, and nothing higher is expected of him than that he pull the whiskers of his father, and smile appreciatingly when his mother talks nonsense to him. Soon he begins to grasp, or to reach after, the things which he sees—a pearl-button, a coffee-pot, a chandelier, or a church-steeple; and we feel that great progress has been made when he can shake his rattle-box three times and repeat, even if the performance be spasmodic and irregular. The months pass away, and he stands upon his feet; and after a brief and delightful tutelage he waddles about wherever his impulses lead him. He takes trips of ten feet upon his father's cane, which not unfrequently proves refractory and throws him. He frolics with the kittens, or hugs them to death. He builds block-houses, and knocks them down. He excavates convenient *sand-banks*. He delights, above all things, in the open air, and runs because he loves to run; but whether within doors or with-

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out, he is always in mischief. From morning to night his little muscles are in motion; and when compelled, at last, to go to bed, he relinquishes his play with tears. Year by year, as he grows up through boyhood, the range of his play is widened. He drives other boys four-in-hand, or plays at ball, or slides down hill, or runs races, or wrestles, or goes hunting and fishing.

"Now, what makes this boy play? And what does this play do for him?

"He plays because he cannot help it—because in the central, motive forces of his nature God has written the command to play. He has no end beyond the gratification of his momentary and shifting impulses. He plays because the life within him exults in action, and delights in expenditure. Tired in one direction of amusing or pleasant effort, he turns toward another; and thus, one by one, or group by group, he calls into activity all the faculties of his mind and all the functions of his body. He has no object, I repeat, in this constant action and constant change; but God has. This play is for the symmetrical development of the boy, of all the powers of which he is the possessor; and no boy without play was ever well-developed, or ever can be. A boy who does not play, and does not love to play, is not a healthy boy, mentally, morally, or physically, no matter how many hymns he can repeat, nor how well he can say his catechism. Play is the Creator's ordained means for the development of the child. I am aware that it drives weak-headed mothers crazy, and aggravates the aggregate of the shoe-bill, and makes terrific work with trousers; but it makes men, and, as a general rule, the boy that plays the best makes the best man.

"There is a sad amount of fighting against Heaven in the attempts made by irritable and impatient parents to repress the playful manifestations of their children. Carefully and reverently I declare that God impels, nay, compels the child to play, and that those who strive to crush the spirit of play in children for the security of their own ease and comfort, or from mistaken notions of the nature and the mission of play, oppose Him as really as when they set themselves against any movement or policy in His moral universe.

"Play is a sacred thing, a divine ordinance, for developing in the child a harmonious and healthy organism, and preparing that or-

ganism for the commencement of the work of life. I insist upon this. I insist that play is not only an innocent thing in itself, but that it is an essential portion of the divinely appointed means for the development of the race into its highest earthly estate."

HEALTH.

No purpose, however noble and grand, can be made a success, unless one is in the enjoyment of good health. It is of the most vital importance, and surely it should demand the utmost attention of every young lady. Certainly there is no class who are more in need of a strong and robust constitution. Their mission in this world, entails upon them responsibilities the most vital to the welfare of the human race, and unless they do enjoy good health they cannot fulfill the high and sacred obligations of their being. Yet it is a subject that scarcely any pay the slightest attention to. Those who inherit a strong constitution pay no attention to maintaining it as such, while those who inherit a weakly constitution make no effort to build it up and make it stronger. They seem to think and they act as though their bodies required no care or attention; that their bodies are a kind of machine that will run of itself until run down.

Few persons look upon the human system as of much importance and do not realize that it is more complicated than any machine that human ingenuity can possibly devise, and one that requires continual care and watching to keep it in good order and to protect it from unnecessary injury or wear. To enjoy living simply, with no special purpose to occupy one's attention, requires a healthy system, and it also demands special attention to maintain it as well. Some persons when their systems are deranged, resort to medicine expecting that it will restore wasted energies, while they go on sinning with impunity against their own bodies. They eat and drink all the same, when they are perhaps dying with dyspepsia. Some indulge in high-toned perfumes, as if they were more potent than soap and water. When we happen to be seated beside a person highly perfumed we recall a question a gentleman asked when he smelt the superabundance of perfume that was passing off from the clothes of a young man in the room where he was: "Is anything dead around here?" When we are compelled to inhale the sickly

musk that some ladies use extravagantly, we keep up a dreadful thinking that possibly there is something DEAD very near us. O, yes the dead and decaying matter that nature has thrown off through the pores of the skin. It ought to have a funeral and proper burial. No amount of fragrant perfume will cover up the sickly emanations of the body. *The odors will not mix.* The smell of the exquisite makes the deadly more apparent. Nothing in the world can take the place of soap and water—frequent bathing of the entire person. There is no better stamp of one's good breeding and character, than cleanliness. Pure thoughts cannot dwell in a filthy body, no more than snow can maintain its purity in a cess-pool. And we insert here what that most distinguished and accomplished scholar Addison says upon this very point:

“Cleanliness may be recommended under the three following heads: as it is a mark of politeness; as it produces affection; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

“First. It is a mark of *politeness*; for it is universally agreed upon, that no one unadorned with this virtue can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences. The more advanced in civilization, the more they consult this part of politeness.

“Secondly. Cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of *affection*. Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it. Age itself is not unamiable while it is preserved clean, and unsullied; like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel that is cankered with rust.

“I might further observe, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices destructive both to body and mind, are inconsistent with the habit of it.

“In the third place, it bears a great analogy with *purity of mind*, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions. We find from experience, that through the prevalence of custom the most *vicious actions* lose their horror, by being made familiar to us. On *the contrary*, those who live in the neighborhood of good examples, *fly from the first appearance* of what is shocking; and thus pure and

unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind by those objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

"In the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is a part of religion; the Jewish law (as well as the Mahometan, which in some things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature; and we read several injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy."

SOWING GOOD SEED.

About eighty years ago, there was living in the great city of London a maiden lady in humble circumstances and comparatively unknown. She felt that she was a lone woman in the world, and that her life was of little or no account to herself or to any one else. Still she was anxious to do what good she could in her humble sphere. On Sundays she was greatly annoyed by a gang of rough boys that congregated for sport in the street in front of her house, their games frequently ending in a fight. It destroyed all her peace and comfort on the Sabbath day. She would often go out and ask them to give up their noisy sport, or to go somewhere else to play if they must play on Sunday. They refused to do either. She was sorely perplexed with the rough crowd. Finally she hit upon another plan to get rid of the nuisance. She fitted up a room in her house with some seats, and then went out and invited the boys in, as she proposed to open a Sunday School, telling them she wanted them for her scholars. They readily accepted her invitation for the novelty of the proceeding, and for the fun they expected to get out of it. However, they were interested, and came the next Sunday, and continued to come regularly. One day the woman noticed a little boy at play in the street in front of her house. She went out and invited him to join her school. He left his play, and she led him into the house. He was so dirty, ragged and filthy that she thought an illustrative lesson in chemistry was the best suited to his condition. After washing and scrubbing him, and combing out his tangled and matted locks, and their numerous inhabitants, he was prepared for the first bible lesson of his life. He became *greatly interested*, and was a constant scholar for a time. But after

a while the teacher lost sight of her pupil, and the pupil lost sight of his teacher. However, the boy had acquired a thirst for an education. By his zeal and indomitable energy he was permitted to realize his most sanguine expectations. He fitted for college, and in due time graduated with honors. He had become imbued with the missionary spirit, and made application to the London Missionary Society for an appointment to a foreign field. But his age, his want of proper endorsement, and uncouth appearance, were against him, and the society declined to entertain his application. But he was determined to go, and pleaded most persistently to be sent somewhere. Finally they said to him, if he wanted to go to China they would send him there. "All right; send me to China;" and to China he went. The Society were thankful that they had got rid of the young man, and never expected to see or hear from him for a long time at least. Well, they did hear from him after a few years. He sent them one of the finest illustrated books they ever saw. It was printed in the Chinese language, and was none other than the bible, which he had translated into the Chinese language, a most difficult task to accomplish. He labored for years in China, and prepared numerous educational works for the Chinese. Thus, by his indefatigable labors, the way was opened for all the advancement that China has made towards a more liberal policy in her home government and her communication with the nations of the world, and with America especially. All this was the result of the humble efforts of one lone woman trying to carry out a purpose—to do what she could in the sphere she so modestly moved, and unknown to the great magnates who act only at the flourish of trumpets.

"The happiest periods of history are not those of which we hear the most. In the same manner as in the little world of man's soul, the most saintly spirits are often existing in those who have never distinguished themselves as authors, or left any memorial of themselves to be the theme of the world's talk, but who have led an interior angelic life, having borne their sweet blossoms unseen."—*Broadstone of Honor.*

It is not in mortal ken or comprehension the rewards in store for such spirits. They are not of earth, and finite minds will ever fail

to grasp the boundless measure of heavenly compensations. But what must that meeting be, if somewhere in the other life, the poor, lone woman of London shall greet that once dirty and neglected boy that was in her London Sunday School? We predict they have already met and renewed their acquaintance. We can see them seated in an ambrosial bower engaged in conversation. We can comprehend but little of the words that pass between them. But the old teacher speaks plainly, as of old, when she says: "Robert Morrison, what procession is this that is passing up the avenue to the throne? I see they invariably lift their crowns as they look this way, as if they recognized you?" "Teacher, this company is from China, where I spent thirty years of my life. Look down the avenue to the outer gate; see how they are pressing in." "Yes, I see; there is no end to this company." "Teacher, where would I have been now had you not taken me into your school?"

Who can weigh the results of the influence of that lone woman, who lived and moved in a very humble sphere? She had a *purpose* to live for. She is now enjoying its fruits.

THE WRECKER.

Many years ago there lived on the Atlantic coast a man who followed the life of a wrecker. One dark and stormy night he led his horse to a high and rocky cliff overlooking the sea. Tying his lantern to the horse's head, he led him round and round on a circle throughout the night. The winds shrieked and howled, while the roar of the breakers as the waves rolled shoreward and dashed against the rocky cliff was deafening, and terrible even to those safe on shore. But what terror to the poor sailors who might not have reached a harbor of safety, and are held in the cruel arms of the storm-king in his wrath. All night the storm raged; all that long night the wrecker led his horse around on the circling beat hoping that the light of his lantern might be seen by some poor sailor on the watch for a haven of safety, and take bearings from the light of his lantern. It was a beacon light for the sailors, to guide them in their course, and also to warn them of their close proximity to a dangerous reef, and thus pointing out the way to avoid being driven upon the rocks. Was not the wrecker a noble hearted man, full of *sympathy* for the poor tempest-tossed mariner, to thus face a furious

storm, keeping his lantern well trimmed and burning through a fearful tempest, trembling perhaps for fear his lantern might go out or its light grow dim, and not be seen in time; or fearing his strength might fail him before the night would be gone? What if he should hear above the roar of the tempest the piercing wail of some unfortunate, in despair, crying for help? What a night of fearful forebodings was that, and no one but a veteran could have endured such a fearful tempest. But this wrecker had no such tender feelings for the sailor. He was a base wretch, hardened in crime. His light was a false light, hung out not to save, but to deceive, to decoy, to entrap, any passing ship that might see the light, to draw them from their only safe course into the very jaws of death, to be caught by the breakers and driven upon the rocks and dashed to pieces. His stratagem was in counterfeiting the revolving light of the government light-house twenty miles away. In the grey of the morning he peered anxiously out into the misty darkness that hung over the troubled waters. To the joy of his heart, the outline of a stranded wreck appeared amid the breakers. His diabolical plan had worked its purpose only too well. The coveted prize was there. Impatiently he watched it, and waited for the sea to become quiet, that he might gather in the spoils before the wreck went to pieces. On the third day he rowed out in his boat and cautiously approached the ill-fated ship, fearing that the work of death had not been complete. At last he ventured on board, and as he stepped on deck he listened, but all was still as the grave. Stealthily he crept down the cabin stairs, looking into every berth and bunk fearing he might find some one alive. When he had satisfied himself that he was there alone the sole possessor of its treasures he was overjoyed, and with a fiendish delight he went to work gathering up the rich spoils. In his excitement and haste, he stumbled over a corpse, and as he fell his eye caught sight of a massive gold ring upon the hand of the dead man as it lay streached out upon the deck. He lifted up the hand to snatch off the ring and as he did so the eyes of the dead man seemed to be fixed upon him. He looked at the body and then at the ring. He discovered a name upon the inside of the latter. He read it and then looked again at those glaring eyes that could *not escape him*. He trembled like an aspen in mortal agony. The *prostrate form* was that of his own son. He had been absent for

several years in a foreign country, and was now on his return home. Just as he was nearing his native land, his boyhood home, he dies in sight of it, by the cruel hands of his own father. Choosing a wicked purpose is like a two-edged sword, it cuts both ways.

SAVED FROM WRECK.

In the fall of 1880, at Rogers' Park station, on the North-Western Railroad, a few miles north of Chicago, a Mr. Beckler, a printer by trade, was returning home from church, at about 9 o'clock on a Sunday evening. A terrific thunder storm was passing over at the time, and the rain was coming down in torrents, the wind blowing a gale, almost a tornado; the flashes of lightning were vivid, while the almost incessant roll of the thunder was awful and sublime. Just as Mr. Beckler was crossing the railroad track there came a flash of lightning, and by its intense brilliancy and prolonged duration Mr. Beckler was able to notice down the track an obstruction, and he went down to see what it was. There had been left standing on the side-track some freight cars, with brakes firmly set, but by the force of the wind they had been driven down the track to the switch, and the front wheels of the forward car had jumped the track and become embedded between the ties on the main line. Mr. Beckler lost not a moment's time, but hastened to the residence of the station agent and aroused him, and they hurried down to the station and put out a danger signal as quickly as possible to warn the coming train, which was already past due, of the danger. The train was an unusually heavy one and very crowded, many passengers being compelled to stand up; it also was behind time, and running at a speed of not less than fifty miles an hour, and was not to stop at this station.

Fortunately the engineer discovered the signal in time, and thus a fearful catastrophe was averted. The trainmen and the passengers felt a gratitude to Mr. Beckler they could not express in words. The railroad company gave Mr. Beckler a life pass over their road to show that they appreciated his timely services. Few men at any time would have noticed the situation, and how rare would it be to find a duplicate of Mr. Beckler. Who would, on such a night, in such a tempest, have gone one step out of his way for any railroad company, or for any man?

Compare this action with that of the wrecker. Each had a purpose; one was to wreck, the other to save from wreck. Compare the happiness of each. One dying of remorse, haunted nightly with fearful dreams; the glaring eyes of his son ever fastened on him, and no escaping from the terrible ordeal, the punishment he must endure for that one crime alone. Mr. Beckler will have a life-long satisfaction as he recalls the incidents of that night. The purpose which actuated him and the purpose which actuated the wrecker, as illustrated by these incidents, exhibits the character of each in its true light, and needs no comment from us. We leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. Their aims, how wide apart. Each had a purpose, and were working for its accomplishment.

ECONOMY.

Economy bears an important part in the success of one's purposes. Economy of time is a very important element in the carrying out successfully of any enterprise. Time is money. The great railroads of the country keep the closest watch over the fractions of a minute even. Every moment of the twenty-four hours must be accounted for, as every one is freighted with immense responsibilities. If a conductor fails to move his train on time; if a train despatcher neglects to give his orders at the right moment, fearful consequences may overtake the train with its hundreds of passengers. Death and destruction may follow, and sorrow shroud hundreds of homes in mourning through the careless indifference of some telegraph operator. The profits of a railroad company, or of steamship companies, is in their ability to crowd the greatest amount of work into a single minute. The company that can accomplish the most in a given time leads, and takes the profits. If time is of such momentous interest to the great transportation companies, how much greater importance is it to the individual?

If a young lady wastes a few moments every day of her life, she may lose the golden opportunity of securing a fortune. The accumulation of money is not a measure of real profits in this world, *nor is money-getting as a life purpose worthy of all praise. There is something better than money and money-getting. The culture of the mind has greater compensations than the acquisition of wealth.*

One ministers to the physical necessities, while the other exalts man above all that belongs to the present things of earth.

A young lady who spends a great share of her time in dress, in plaiting her hair to look pretty, or in reading trashy literature, wastes time enough in so doing to earn a fortune; perhaps not in dollars and cents, but in a good education in some branch of learning which would be of inestimable value to her during the remainder of her life. A few moments every day will afford ample time for one to become proficient in instrumental music, an accomplishment which always pays well.

It is a foolish notion, which some young ladies possess, of thinking that a display in dress is all that is needed to win success. Yet the very means they adopt to gain attention defeats the object. Sensible young men are not to be taken in with "spit-curls" or a fancy ribbon. All such efforts at display stamps the persons who attempt it as possessors of a weak intellect. They are like the lady arrayed in silks and diamond jewelry of great value, who in response to a remark of a friend, whom with her had just listened to one of Wendell Phillips' lectures, that "It was grand," replied, "You bet!" The young man who heard the reply was not captivated; neither did he wish for an introduction. He turned away in infinite disgust.

The well known maxim "cut down expenses and let the profits run on," is a safe and a wise one for everybody to follow. True economy consists in spending less than one's income, and laying by something out of every week's earnings. This can be done by simply reducing and cutting off all useless and unnecessary expenses. There are a thousand and one little things that are of no benefit to the users, and many times are harmful, which can be dispensed with without the slightest inconvenience, when one makes up his mind that they can and will do without them. For example, take the item of dress. It is absolutely necessary to have comfortable apparel, and a change of garments suitable for the seasons. Health demands that the system shall be properly protected and it is of absolute necessity as well as strictly in the line of economy to obey the laws of health. Everything beyond that is extra—a surplus which can be dispensed with without the slightest inconvenience and without disturbing one's social position which requires no

slavish allegiance to dame fashion—or “Mother Grundy.” The old lady ought to have died and been buried a thousand years ago at least. She has bewitched and driven more people into insanity, and caused more to commit suicide and crime of every name and kind, than all other influences combined. She binds down her subjects to the worst kind of slavery, and worse than the serfdom that formerly cursed Russia. She draws her votaries into every kind of extravagance in living, which requires money or credit to maintain, and when those fail unlawful means are resorted to to keep up appearances, and to be in fashion. When all resources fail, rather than to endure the chagrin of being compelled to conform to their real circumstances, many a one commits suicide. If old Mrs. Grundy must be constantly consulted it is useless to expect to carry out a system of rigid economy in personal expenses, and if it cannot be practiced in these minor affairs it certainly will not be in anything else. If extravagance rules as to dress, it will most assuredly increase every other expense. A fashionable house in a fashionable neighborhood, elegantly furnished, with servants, a carriage, and entertainments, must all follow in regular order, as darkness follows the departing rays of the setting sun. It is only by breaking away and throwing off the fetters with which fashion binds its votaries, and becoming independent, that one can realize the greatest good and the best results for one's labor. Many of the wealthy men of to-day, men who are worth their millions, began life with nothing, and only by the most rigid economy, were they at the beginning able to save a little out of each year's earnings. Russell Sage, one of New York's richest men, worth many millions, commenced at the foot of the ladder. When he was married he was poor, and his wife worked with him to help him make a living in a manufactory in Troy, New York. It was by the strictest economy that he was able to save anything. He learned the value of a single dollar, what it cost in hard work. It was thus that he laid the foundation to his princely fortune. He started out with a purpose and success crowned his efforts.

A THRIFTY WIFE.

A prosperous and wealthy young man was pleasantly settled in life. For several years everything went smoothly in his business, and in his home. Hard times at last overtook him as it did multi-

tudes of other business men. He had lived beyond his income, and when the pressure came he couldn't meet his obligations, he was bankrupt. With a sad heart, he was compelled to break the unwelcome tidings of his financial downfall to his wife. He informed her of his hopeless bankruptcy, and that their beautiful home would have to be sold to satisfy his creditors. His wife listened calmly to the sad recital. She tried to cheer him up with the thought that possibly his situation was not as bad as he depicted, and that something might yet turn in his favor. The stubborn facts, however, he could not banish from his mind. Two long he had been schooled to business to not know his true financial situation. In his great despondency, his wife suggested to him that perhaps if he would read a chapter in the bible, as it had been some time since he had read in it, he might find something there that would afford him some relief. Suited the action to her words, she took down the old family bible, and placing it in his lap, she sat down beside him. He took it up with the greatest of indifference, and let it fall open of its own accord. As it opened, a five dollar note caught his eye. His wife proposed to him that he should look to see if there was not another one hidden in the book. He turned over another leaf, and surely there was another. The bible seemed to have a new inspiration to him, as he turned over leaf after leaf until a *thousand of them* greeted his astonished vision. But it was a great mystery to him how five thousand dollars could have gotten into that Bible. The unaccountable mystery his wife was not long in solving for him. It was simply this: He had been generous in furnishing her with funds to manage the financial affairs of the family. By her prudence and economy she had been able to lay aside, monthly, a portion of the sum he had allowed for family expenses. The wife thought possibly a rainy day might come, and it led her to prepare for it. All she could save was deposited in a savings bank. Hard times came and her forethought saved her husband from financial ruin, when hopelessly involved, and enabled him to go on in his business. He learned a lesson in economy that was worth something and he could emphasize what Solomon said: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." She worked for a *purpose* and it brought proper reward.

JOHNS HOPKINS' PURPOSE.

Johns Hopkins commenced business in Baltimore with only \$400. With that sum and his own exertions, he built up a colossal fortune. He had a purpose at the start, and worked day and night until he had accumulated the means necessary to carry out his magnificent design. The secret of his plans he would not reveal until he had accomplished everything he deemed important in connection therewith. From the beginning he declared that he had a *mission* from God to increase his store, and that the golden flood which poured into his coffers did not belong to the hundreds who sought to borrow or beg it from him. They called him an "old miser," "old skinflint," "mean," "stingy," and every opprobrious epithet they could think of. But it was all the same to him, for he had a grander use and purpose for his millions than feeding professional beggars. Four millions were given to endow a free hospital in Baltimore. Three millions were given to endow the Johns Hopkins University, near Baltimore. He left in all *nine millions* for these institutions. The unfortunates who may be sick have a place to go, where, without money, they will be tenderly cared for, while the young men who are seeking an education will be most liberally assisted. Think of the thousands of young men down to the end of time who will reap the benefits of Johns Hopkins carrying out the magnificent purpose he had planned early in his business career.

There is nothing like having a well devised plan, and then, let what will come, stick to the plan. No one can engage in any work without incurring opposition. People are selfish, and are ever ready to beg for help, either financially or otherwise, and when they do not obtain it of those they ask, they turn around and ridicule them and call them mean. But no one can succeed if he is to be influenced by every wind that blows. Let no one quail or tremble because of opposition. A little opposition is a good thing.

RESOLUTION.

"Resolution is omnipotent; and if we will but solemnly determine to make the most and best of our powers and capacities, and if, to this end, with Wilberforce, we will but seize and improve even the *shortest intervals* of possible action and effort, we shall find that

there is no limit to our advancement. Without this resolute and earnest purpose, the best aid and means are of little worth, but with it, even the weakest are mighty. Without it, we shall accomplish nothing; with it every thing. A man who is deeply in earnest acts upon the motto of the pickaxe on the old seal: "Either I will find a way or make one." He has somewhat the spirit of Bonaparte, who when told on the eve of battle that circumstances were against him, replied: "Circumstances! I make and control circumstances,—not bow to them!" In self-cultivation, as in every thing else, to think we are able is almost to be so; to resolve to attain is often almost attainment. Everywhere are the means of progress, if we have but the fixed purpose to use them. And if, like the old philosopher, we will but take as our motto, "Higher—for ever higher," we may rise by them all. He that resolves upon any great end, by that very resolution has scaled the chief barrier to it. And he who seizes the grand idea of self-cultivation, and solemnly resolves upon it, will find that idea, that resolution, burning like a living fire within, and ever putting him upon his own improvement. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out or making means, giving courage for despondency, and strength for weakness; and, like the star in the east to the wise men of old, guiding him nearer and still nearer to the sun of all perfection. If we are but fixed and resolute on self-improvement, we shall find means to it on every side, at every moment, and even obstacles and oppositions will but make us like the fabled specter-ships, which "sail the fastest in the very teeth of the wind."—*Rev. Tryon Edwards.*

INDEPENDENCE THE CLIMAX.

The most essential element necessary to accomplish the best and the most satisfactory results, is independence, and complete emancipation from the slavery of fashion and society generally. This is necessary in order to overcome the obstacles which block up the way and impede the advancement of every progressive spirit. Every young lady who has an aspiration to reach a higher plane for womanhood, must assert her rights and take the necessary steps to possess them, or she will never reach the goal of her anticipations. She may hope and hope, and dream and dream, till dooms-

day, and die without realizing a scintilla of her wishes if she sits down supinely and does nothing. Such persons do not appreciate their opportunities, and will never advance a step in the direction necessary to reach them. There is no *higher law* which marks the bounds for the advancement of any living soul, saying, "Thus far thou shalt go, and no further." When the veil of the temple was rent asunder, it was the signal that a new era had commenced. It opened communication direct between earth and heaven for every human soul, and no man-power can sever the connection or patch up the rent veil. No human enactments can limit a soul in its communication with its Maker, or prescribe the sphere of its activity. Every endeavor to place any obstacles in the way, or to discriminate as to who may or who may not enter upon the grand highway of the world's progress, and move within or engage in any of the avenues of industry, will prove futile. We believe the best interest of every individual is in his engaging in that occupation for which he is best adapted; and it is because so many have not found out their right calling that the wheels of the world's advancement are continually being retarded. It is the inalienable right of every young lady to choose her calling and prosecute it with all the zeal and force she is capable of concentrating upon one object in life, and no person on earth has a right to interfere with her heaven-born freedom. We do not believe that any true woman will have a desire to leave her exalted sphere to engage in any avocation that is unbecoming or uncongenial to her womanly grace or nature; to lower herself by endeavoring to fill a man's sphere. A *masculine* woman, or a *female man*, are monstrosities which do not win respect from sensible people. It has been said that each one should live as though he were the only person living.

"What our hand findeth, do with might;
Ask less for help, but stand or fall,
Each one of us, in life's great fight,
As if himself and God were all."

"If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God."—*George MacDonald*.

When a person can rise to the dignity of such an existence, the fears and trammels of society, and old "Mrs. Grundy" herself, will *be forever dissipated*. There are some fearless souls who have the

courage to strike out for themselves, in spite of the edicts and anathemas of the "lords of creation." Woman, who was last at the cross and first at the sepulcher, will not be silenced when she seeks for the opportunity to tell the mission of *her Redeemer*. Then no bishop will dare to silence a woman because she is a *woman*. Only a few weeks ago a young lady, who believed she had a call to preach, and had creditably fitted herself for the ministry, was refused the proper commission for the office, by the bishop of the district, for no other reason than that she was a *woman*! The disappointment was too much for her, and in a few weeks she pined away, and her friends laid her body to rest in the grave.

Does it degrade man or woman to see a woman stand in the sacred desk? Is a woman's religious experiences inferior or less reliable than those of the sterner sex? Has any man a sufficient reason for saying to a woman, "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou?" Old "Mrs. Grundy" will shake her head, and hold up her hands in holy horror, as she exclaims, "What are we coming to?" "The idea of a woman being a preacher, a lawyer, a physician, an editor, a sculptor, was not dreamed of when I was a girl." Yes, it is dreadful to think how the world is being turned upside down! Steam wagons, steamships, telegraphs and telephones, were unknown a century ago. Ah, that is so, the world is progressing—it moves. The antiquated notions of a half century past are fading out as the light of the new era is pencilling the heavens with its coming glory. The age of barbarism, of caste, of superstition, is passing into the everlasting night of oblivion, where no resurrection awaits it.

"Slumber not in the tent of your fathers,
The world is advancing. Advance with it."

—Mazzini.

To those who are bound down and hampered by "What will folks say?" the good time has not come. It is coming all the same. It is reported that in the city of New York alone there are 75,000 women, not including domestics, who are self-supporting. Many of these belong not only to the most respectable families, but to those which may be considered comfortably off. The prejudice against female independence is gradually wearing away, and ladies who now support themselves do not lose caste as formerly. A leading lawyer and politician has trained his three daughters each to a dif-

ferent line of pecuniary independence, and a leading society belle on Madison avenue could at any time support herself and her children, if need be, by her own technical skill. The professions have been captured—not without a struggle—by women. There are several successful and highly respected female ministers of the gospel. There is one famous as well as pretty female lawyer. One of the ablest physicians in New York is a woman—herself the wife and in every way the professional equal of her well-known husband. There are female reporters, female critics (and conscientious ones) and several editresses of papers. One of the leading illustrated family papers of this country has a female editor, while in art and literature women are not only holding their own, but in some cases crowding the men to the wall. “Decorative art” opens many new fields of enterprise to the ladies. Wood-carving is a new avenue of employment for them, and peculiarly well adapted to the delicacy of touch and the artistic taste of woman. One woman wood-carver in St. Louis, is so expert that last year she earned \$2,000. The decoration of pottery, china, painting, and the painting of tapestry and of dresses are some of the new fields which fair hands are working to great advantage. Some of the occupations adopted by the ladies of the metropolis are very peculiar. One lady, not yet attained to middle age, is in receipt already of a comfortable livelihood from the earnings of an odd yet decidedly useful profession. She has adopted the private tuition of ladies of neglected education, supplying the deficiencies of early life. From its very nature this profession is shrouded in secrecy. The lady who has adopted it has seven pupils, all married women of wealth, from whom she receives from \$3 to \$10 per lesson.

Vinnie Ream Hoxie has demonstrated to the world what one earnest, independent little woman can do for herself, when she makes up her mind to do something. Vinnie Ream's life commenced under the most humble circumstances. Her parents were not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, and had not the means to give her a liberal education. She had to commence at the foot of the ladder, and by her own efforts work her way up, round by round. She had a reputation to make, and without aid she laid the foundation upon which she to-day stands without a rival in her chosen profession. Although it was begun in poverty, a nation has crowned

her with unfading laurels. By honest merit she surpassed all competitors, and the commission was given to her to execute the statue of a martyr President. At the capital of the United States may be seen the statue of Abraham Lincoln, the grandest testimony to the *genius* of a woman!

The daughter of the Premier of England proved herself to be of the right stamp in her desire to be independent. Unlike thousands, who, because they are born in high rank, do nothing for themselves, Miss Gladstone fitted herself for a school teacher. After graduating from Newnham College, Oxford, she presented herself to the proper officers for examination for a teacher, and no doubt she is proud of the *parchment* she holds as the proof of her qualification to teach. Helen Gladstone is blessed with the rarest of all gifts—that of good sense. She displayed it in her modesty, and in her condescension to help wherever and whenever assistance was most needed. She knew no dividing line between royal birth and the humblest subject of the realm. She was not above the most menial service. One day, when at college, the gas went out in the lecture-room, and at once there arose the familiar cry, "Where's Miss Gladstone?" She was the one to set everything right. Every young lady, no matter what her situation is, should have some calling, that she may not be entirely helpless if misfortune should overtake her.

FAITH AND WORKS.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*."

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection itself is no trifle." It is the multiplication of little things with an indomitable perseverance which brings out the grandest results. There is no such thing as a "trifle" when weighed in the scales of the mighty possibilities. Each little act, however small and insignificant, is making history for a human life; a history that will live for all time.

"Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken;
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages; all about me forgotten,
Save the truths I have spoken, the things I have done."

It is the little unforgotten deeds which often make the brightest periods in one's life—make the man. Men are not born great. It is labor which distinguishes man for excellence in any sphere of usefulness. It is not the politeness of a Chesterfield, or the polish of an Addison, which insures success; but it is in being thoroughly enthused in a subject, the possession of a purpose which guarantees the accomplishment of a chosen plan; to be filled with the magnitude of its importance, and unlimited faith in one's ability to do the necessary work for its consummation. Faith has everything to do with success, no matter what is the object to be attained. No one can throw himself, body and soul, into any enterprise without having an unwavering and unconquerable faith that he can and will succeed. Wendell Phillips has well expressed it when speaking of what makes a great orator: "A man may be a stammerer and yet be a great orator, a man may have a poor voice and yet be a great orator, a man may speak incorrectly and ungrammatically, and still be a great orator; all that is needed is to have an earnest cause thoroughly at heart, and have heart and cause so truly wedded that they are one with his innermost nature, so that when he speaks he pours out his own self, exalted by that with which he is filled."

This is the great secret why men with limited attainments have accomplished more than the most finished scholars, who may have had all the advantages of the best schools, and are masters of a half dozen languages. Mr. Moody, perhaps, is a good illustration in point. Rarely has there been a divine in this or any other country who has swayed the masses as Mr. Moody. It is in being filled with his theme, and in the earnestness with which he brings it home to his hearers. Although his inelegant and ungrammatical sentences may disgust some of the most critical listeners, yet these same critics would not draw a respectable audience the second time. When a man is hungry, he does not wait to look at the knives and forks to see if they are arranged artistically on the cloth; neither does he stop to look at the steak to see that it was cut scientifically before being placed on the gridiron, or ask the waiter whether the animal was slaughtered in the "old or new moon." A hungry man *does not trouble himself* about the preliminary arrangements. *It is the food he wants*, and if he is *very hungry*, it matters but little *as to the style it is served out* to him.

COMPANIONSHIP.

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

—*Sir Phillip Sidney.*

The choice of associates will have much to do with your success in life. If you associate with those who, like yourself, have a well-defined purpose to live for, and are alive to its importance, and are working with all their might to accomplish it, then you will derive much good by such companionship. But if, on the other hand, you should choose companions who have no worthy object to live for, the height of whose ambition being simply to have a "good time" to-day, and let to-morrow take care of itself, making present enjoyment paramount to self-culture, your chances will be greatly lessened, and your success will be unworthy of the opportunities that are awaiting you.

It will require some courage and independence of character to break away from early associates, to mark out a new line of effort, and then to stick to it with a determination not to be turned aside by any or by all the influences that may beset your pathway. You will have to steel your heart against all the unfriendly comments and ridicule that will be heaped upon you. What matters it to you if you are called "proud," or "stuck up?" Numerous other terms, no doubt, will be "dropped" within your hearing, to mortify your pride and wound the most sensitive nature. Expect and anticipate all these. The spirit of jealousy will rankle in the hearts of those who see and know that your way is the better one to walk in, but who have not the energy and force of character to adopt it. It is the exhibition of a low and malicious spirit. The companionship of such persons is not worth having, and would be detrimental to the best interests of any one who is striving to make the most of life's opportunities. Remember, the world is against progress. It is against advancement in anything that points to a better and higher life. The tendency is ever downward, to the gratification of the animal nature rather than the spiritual. Every reformer has had to fight his way through the fiercest and bitterest opposition; whether in customs, in mechanical industries, or in religion—all have been met with a spirit of hostility. The greater the obstacles, the fiercer the contest; the greater the victory, the brighter the crown.

STAND STRONG IN YOUR PURPOSE.

About eighteen hundred years ago, there occurred the great eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. The red-hot lava rolled down the sides of the burning mountain into the sea. A cloud was seen to ascend out of the mouth of the fiery crater, the appearance of which, as it rose, resembled a tall pine tree. This cloud was carried over Pompeii and Herculaneum, where it settled down upon those cities, burying them many feet deep in hot ashes. Recent excavations in Pompeii have revealed the wonders of that city, and brought to view its streets, its houses, its public buildings, its picture galleries, and how the people lived and what they were doing when the descending ashes overtook them. Some were in their houses at work; the baker was baking his bread, his oven filled, and his table covered with bread already baked. Ladies were gathering their most valuable and precious articles of clothing and jewelry. Some had reached the street, and perished as they were fleeing for safety. One man had his money, seventy-four pieces, clinched in his hand. At the corn-mill, two prisoners chained together were grinding corn and could not escape. Two thousand people are supposed to have perished. The city was walled, and had eight gates. The gates were guarded by soldiers. At one of the gates, where excavations have been made, was found standing at his post a soldier with his armor on and his weapons by his side. When that terrible storm fell upon that doomed city, and its panic-stricken inhabitants were fleeing for life and crowding through the gates by thousands (for the population is estimated all the way from 12,000 to 50,000), there stood the Roman soldier faithful to duty and dying at his post.

When for once you have formed your purpose and laid your plans for its accomplishment, let no influence swerve you from your course. Set your face like a flint against all the combined influences that will be brought to bear upon you, neither turning to the right or the left, never faltering, never fainting, but resolutely and bravely push on to the goal, and VICTORY will crown your well-chosen life PURPOSE.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and the great FOREVER,
One grand, sweet song."

—Charles Kingsley.

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A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.

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Good Opinions from Good Men and Women.

From the many good words received from the Press and from individuals, commendatory of the above named work, the author respectfully submits the following:

From REV. GEO. F. MAGOUN, D. D., President of Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa:

C. H. KENT, Esq.:—My Dear Sir—In the odds and ends of vacation days I have dipped into your book here and there, and found it fresh, wholesome, full of useful truth, pleasantly and pointedly expressed, and fitted to help young men to a remarkable degree. If it was not made to be read in this way—in spare moments by those who cannot at the time give continuous attention—it stands the test of such reading extremely well. No young man can have it by him and read it even so, without being stimulated, protected from mistakes, folly and wrong, and guided into ways of honor, manliness and truth.

I admire your enterprise and industry in producing such a "Manual." Some of the best and most living things in literature have been done in just this way, because the author felt called to help his struggling fellows, and aimed not at lit-

Good Words for Kent's New Commentary.

erary reputation, but "at hitting the nail on the head." Your way of clinching every nail by pertinent and striking examples, so largely new to readers, is most commendable. Jacob Abbott began that line of writing for the young, and he has had no lineal successor, unless you prove to be the man. I hope you may.

The good purpose of your little book is perfectly manifest; the genial tone and touches of humor are attractive; its healthy sentiment, without cant or formalism, is above all praise, and the impulse there is in it for those who are willing to work and struggle in life, is most healthful.

Yours, with the best wishes for yourself and the "New Commentary."

Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, July 24, 1880.

GEO. F. MAGOUN.

From REV. JAMES POWELL, Western Secretary A. M. A.:

It is just such a book as can be placed in the hands of young men starting out in life. It answers in a practical way many of the questions they ask, and is a stimulus to ambition for success, secured by uprightness and integrity. May it have a large sale and wide circulation.

Every young man in the land should have a copy of "Kent's New Commentary." The teachings it contains are worth a hundred times their cost to those that heed them.—*Review*, Moline, Ill.

From REV. E. H. GREELEY, Concord, N. H.:

I am greatly pleased with the book, and think it eminently calculated to be useful with a large class of our young men, and hope it will have a wide circulation. It is very sure to be read through by all who once begin it, and the whole impression is certain to be a salutary one.

From RT. REV. FREDERICK D. HUNTINGTON, S. T. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Central New York:

Its influence is on the right side. The statements are good. The style is lively and popular, and I should think the book would be entertaining to many readers.

From JOHN R. FRENCH, L.L. D., Professor of Mathematics, and Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, Syracuse University:

C. H. KENT, Esq.:—I have hastily examined your "New Commentary," and am much pleased with it. I heartily commend it to the young, in whose hands it will be very useful as well as entertaining.

From REV. JOSEPH M. CLARKE, D. D., Rector St. James Episcopal Church, Lock Street, Syracuse, N. Y.:

"Kent's New Commentary" seems to me to be well intended and well executed, and likely to be useful to the readers for whose perusal it has been prepared.

The author judiciously determined to catch young eyes that peep within the covers, and to hold them. Nothing goodish here; and again it is proved that bad books are not the only pleasing ones. Anyone who writes a good book and a bright one, is a benefactor. Mr. Kent has earned the right to be thus classified.—*Standard*, Syracuse, N. Y.

From G. H. LAUGHLIN, Professor of Languages in Oskaloosa (Ia.) College:

"Kent's New Commentary" is a book of gems. Its precious truths come as "food to the hungry and drink to the famishing." In it are "apples of gold in pictures of silver" for every reader, whether young or old. It is well worthy a place in the best libraries of our land.

Good Words for Kent's New Commentary.

From REV. A. C. WASHBURN, Pastor Congregational Church, Jamesville, N. Y.:

I have been intensely interested in the perusal of the "Young Men's Manual," and can truly say it will interest young men until they are more than eighty years of age. After commencing it I could not leave it before midnight. The facts, anecdotes, incidents and illustrations, tend to rivet attention, and lead to the formation of purposes noble and elevating. They "hit the nail on the head," and are admirably designed to make the pathway of life brighter and homes happier.

REV. M. S. LEET, Pastor Methodist Church, Jamesville, N. Y., endorses Mr. Washburn's testimonial thus: "I heartily endorse this."

It gathers up the large experience of those who have been successful in various professional and commercial pursuits, and presents it in such a way as to make it available for any young man who has intelligence enough and character enough to use his opportunities. A book of this kind is always helpful and stimulating, and Mr. Kent's little work will be found no exception to the rule.—*Christian Union*, New York City.

From GEORGE A. BACON, Ph. D., Principal High School, Syracuse, N. Y.:

I have made a cursory examination of "Kent's New Commentary," and have found it interesting and suggestive. I heartily concur in what Dr. Beard has said about it.

From REV. RICHMOND FISK, D. D., Pastor First Universalist Church, Syracuse, New York:

I have perused with more than ordinary satisfaction the little work you handed me to read, entitled "Kent's New Commentary: A Manual for Young Men." It is a good book not only, but a book to do good with, viz: by presenting it to young men or women. Any father or mother, or sister, who can induce a son or brother to read it, will have done a greater service than to have given him a large sum of money. Every young man should have a copy and read it.

From REV. A. F. BEARD, D. D., Pastor Plymouth Congregational Church, Syracuse, New York:

I have looked over the little book called "Kent's Commentary" with a good deal of interest. I find it a scrappy, wholesome, suggestive, pithy collection of good counsels, given in such form, quality and quantity, as to be very readable and attractive. If young people, especially young lads and young men, will read it, they must get good, and I think they will read it if they have it. I commend it.

From REV. E. W. MUNDY, Librarian of the Central Library, Syracuse, N. Y.:

I cordially concur in what Dr. Beard has said of the little book by Mr. Kent.

From B. S. GREGORY, Esq., Attorney at Law, Syracuse, N. Y.:

It is a work which may be read and studied with great profit by everyone, and yet it seems more particularly designed for young men, many of which spend too much time in reading low, vile literature, which poisons the mind. And as the author truly remarks on page 44—"Ten million of rattlesnakes let loose among the young people and school children could not have done the harm that has been done, and is still being done, by these vile nuisances. Yellow covered trash, such as "Dime Novels," are a curse to the world, and have been the means of luring hundreds of boys from their homes "to become heroes like some of the characters they have read about." One Dollar paid for this little volume (Kent's New Commentary) is a good investment.

From L. T. WELD, A. M., Principal Cresco Public Schools, Cresco, Iowa:

I think "Kent's New Commentary" should be in the hands of every boy.

Good Words for Kent's New Commentary.

From PROF. W. B. KIRKBRIDE, Principal Columbus Seminary, Columbus, New Jersey:

It is written in that free, easy style, which so seldom characterizes books of this description; and being interspersed with numerous anecdotes, forms an entertaining as well as an instructive little volume.

The book is the labor of a good man in the right direction, and aside from its intrinsic merits, is worth more than its price (\$1.00) for its oddity. It is worthy to be in the hands of every young man, and will be read with deep interest by all persons.—*Courier*, Jacksonville, Ill.

From R. BRUCE WHITE, Principal of Seymour School (Public), Syracuse:

Having examined "Kent's Commentary," I can heartily endorse it, and wish every young man in the city would read and profit by its teachings and warnings.

KENT'S NEW COMMENTARY.—We have read with profound pleasure the book of the above title, and while we have not the space to review it as the merits demand, yet can say in few words that it is one of the grandest and most useful publications for young men ever produced in America.—*Journal*, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

This little book portrays most vividly what possibilities are open to the young men of America, written in the most graphic language, and with telling illustrations.—*Register*, Des Moines, Iowa.

From HON. J. B. GRINNELL, Grinnell, Iowa:

"Kent's New Commentary" I have read with peculiar interest, because *not* written by the great jurist *Kent*, but by a *layman*, and a personal friend—a man of affairs. He tells no long heavy stories, but uses short and telling words in making an impression only for good. My family concur with me, and their opinion, on many accounts, is worth more than my own. Had I time it would be a pleasure to write a *supplement* and brief commentary; but not invited, will only say I am *proud* of our Iowa Kent, jr., and the boy reading him has a better promise for good than many who have *smoked* and *slept* over the *great author*.

From S. M. MOWATT, Principal City Schools, Winterset, Iowa:

I am greatly pleased with "Kent's Commentary." Bringing, as it does, so prominently into view the laws which govern life, and enforcing them with so many and apt illustrations, it cannot fail but be a stimulus to ambition for success, secured by an honest and upright life. I shall take pleasure in endeavoring to put it into the hands of my school boys.

From MRS. M. C. CALLANAN, Des Moines, Iowa:

I have looked carefully over "Kent's New Commentary," and find it to be the very best advice, "served up" in an attractive form, addressed to *young men*. What a pity that *girls* are not human enough to live on the same plane, and receive a share of this rare counsel; and when shall there be a "Kent" arise to inform the young ladies that *parlor* idlers are only better than *street* idlers in so far as their habits are less corrupt.

From ANSON SMITH, an old resident of Cleveland, Ohio:

It is a book worthy of all praise, and I should be glad if every family in the United States were so fortunate as to have *one* copy of the book. The book contains much valuable information, adapted to the needs of young people.

The author shows a warm interest, amounting to enthusiastic zeal, in behalf of young men. Parents desiring their sons to have a correct guide and counselor, can place into their hands no uninspired work that surpasses this.—Normal School, Marysville, Tenn.

Good Words for Kent's New Commentary.

From E. R. ELDRIDGE, President of Faculty, Normal School, Grandview, Iowa:

It is a sound teacher, and is put up in a most attractive style, which cannot fail to awaken and hold the interest of the reader. Every young man would do well to secure a copy of "Kent's New Commentary."

From REV. HENRY W. PARKER, A. M., Stone Professor of Natural History, Iowa College:

I examined "Kent's New Commentary" sufficiently to be convinced that it is an instructive, entertaining, and very wholesome book for youth, in hearty sympathy with youthful mind, and of a practical character; and my conviction led me to purchase at full price a copy for my son, who has just entered on the business of life. I have his assurance, too, that it is a good, wise, and interesting volume.

From REV. A. H. OHITTENDEN, Hartsville, Ind:

It is a book that ought to be in the hands of every young man; for the living truths which it contains ought to find a place to live and grow in the hearts of every young man. It is indeed "*multum in parvo*."

From REV. T. W. POST, D. D., Pastor First Congregational Church, St. Louis:

Your little work seems to me healthful stimulant, attractive and suggestive; of pure moral tone, replete with valuable thought and illustration, and fitted to be of valuable service for the class for whom it was especially intended—the young

Its style is terse, snappy, and full of the sort of humor which attracts the youthful taste; and the lessons it contains will doubtless be impressed much better than by a volume of sermons or religious poetry. We are glad to see that the author lays particular stress on the necessity of enterprise in the pursuit of one's calling, the advisability of not jumping into matrimony blindfold, and the unsatisfactory character of political honors.—*Evening Herald*.

From PROF. M. T. BROWN, Denver, Colorado:

I can think of so many I want to give one to, I do not know where I shall stop. Better for a young man than a *silver mine*!

From REV. E. B. WEBB, D. D., Pastor Shawmut Avenue Church, Boston:

Your book has been waiting my return from vacation, but I have read it, at last, nearly every page of it. Of its literary merits you seem to have judged fairly. Its value, as I look at it, is not in its originality, nor in its methods, nor in its philosophy, but in its sprightly, practical adaptation to the class for which it is written, and in a subtle sense of real life, tinged with the results of a varied experience.

There is good advice in it for old and young too—good advice and good principles, and good teachings, enough to make any young man wise, prudent and successful. And I am confident it must do these things for the young men who take it up and read it. I thank you for your effort, and trust the book may have a wide circulation.

From REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D. D., Chancellor, University of New York:

Your book is received. It is a sprightly, attractive volume for the young, full of wholesome advice.

From REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS, D. D., Pastor of the "Church of the Stranger," New York City:

Your little book is capital. Through the chapter of Christian Workers in my church, I have a plan of running a book through the whole line of my young men. Every week I start a book, something I have examined. Next Monday I shall start yours.

Good Words for Kent's New Commentary.

From REV. NELSON MILLARD, D. D., Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Syracuse, New York:

"Kent's New Commentary for Young Men" is sprightly, racy, sketchy, and yet none the less truly instructive, thoughtful and observant. It seems to be a successful effort on the part of the author to furnish the young a series of valuable guide-boards amid the devions and often dangerous paths of life—guide-boards which shall point them each time in the better way. It is to be hoped that multitudes of young men will read it.

From REV. J. H. McCARTHY, D. D., Pastor First M. E. Church, Syracuse:

I fully concur in the foregoing statement of Rev. Dr. Millard.

It is filled with ideas, practical suggestions and wholesome sentiments for the advantage of young men. It treats of a great range of practical topics, and every page contains some hint or suggestion which will do good to the reader. The modern "Kent's Commentary" has already had a wide sale, and will continue in favor with the general public.—*Journal*, Syracuse, N. Y.

From R. A. MATHEWS, Superintendent of Jasper County Common Schools, Newton, Iowa:

I have examined "Kent's New Commentary," and regard it worthy a place in every library. It is especially good reading for young people. Teachers will find in it many things of value to them in their work.

From JOSEPH A. ATWELL, ESQ., a prominent merchant of Syracuse:

I have examined "Kent's New Commentary," and pronounce it the best work yet published as a guide to young men. I take pleasure in recommending the work, as its merits deserve careful perusal.

This book's title gives us correct information as to its mission, but to know what its contents are, one must read the book. The author does not harangue young men by setting before them how woefully bad they are, nor yet give them a long-winded sermon on salvation doctrines, but he takes young men as he finds them, and draws them off into a corner, as it were, and gives them sound advice as to the best methods to adopt in order to secure happy and successful manhood. It is not the kind of book that a young man will lay down without finishing or go to sleep over.—*Deaf Mute Advocate*, Jacksonville, Ill.

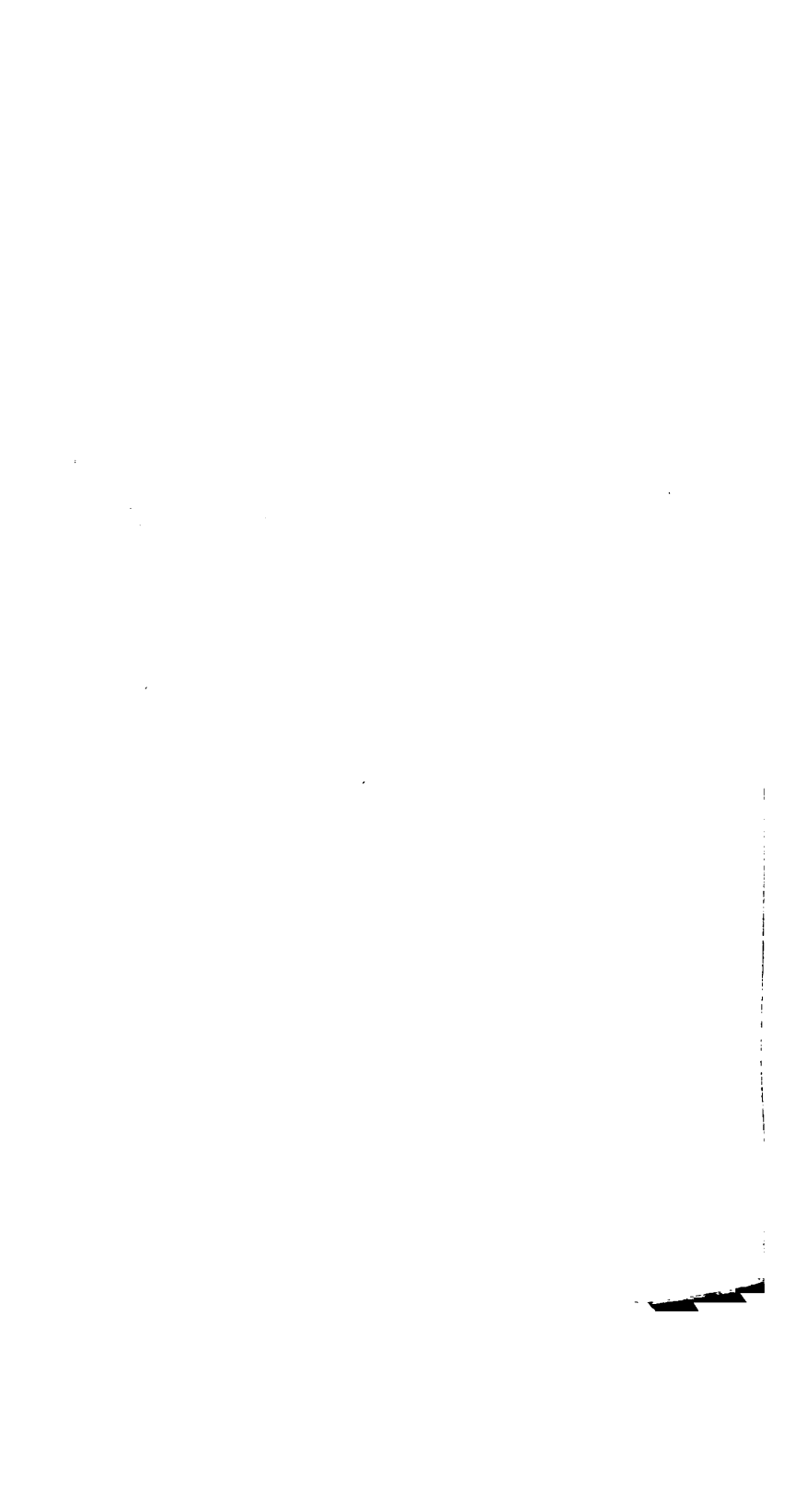
THE BEST OF ALL.—Among the many pleasant remembrances of holidays coming to our table, the one we prize the most for its intrinsic value, is a copy of "Kent's New Commentary," a book of wisdom, practical advice, and instruction for young men, better than anything of its attempted kind ever coming to our notice. Our time to read is limited, but we opened it only to peruse with deep interest its every page before laying it down. Its author, himself a successful business man, has drawn line upon line of precept that is practical; not an impossible theory can be found between its covers. Each and every teacher should be familiar with its pages, for it is of the necessities of to-day that our youth must learn, if they would attain the highest degree of success. No father or mother could give a better gift, or of more life value than this to their boys; not a holiday gift, especially, but one for any day in the year.—*The Prohibitionist*, Des Moines.

O, where is my boy to-night? Such is the exclamation of many anxious mothers perhaps at this time; but, could a copy of Kent's New Commentary have been in the possession of that boy when he went forth into the world, these same mothers would have felt that their boy was safe, and free from all danger of falling into temptation.—*The Snow Flake*, Dunbarton, N. H.

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